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Saving America from Datsun and Toyota

John Gordon: *On Sex and Sexism*

JIMMY CARTER'S ASTOUNDING LIES

By FRANK BROWNING

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M A Y 5, 1 9 8 0

Jimmy Carter's Astounding Lies

FRANK BROWNING **p. 13**

Jimmy Carter has been urging us to dump him if he's ever caught in a lie. Is anybody listening?

The Continuing Calamity of El Salvador

ANNE NELSON **p. 18**

Does this sound familiar? A government without popular support, bloody atrocities by the army against the peasants, U.S. military training teams on the way...

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A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

NAMING "THE THREE great lies" was a popular little game awhile ago. The original set included, "The check is in the mail," "I'm from the government and I'm here to help you," and I forget the third. On the evidence Frank Browning presents in his cover story, one excellent choice would be, "I'm Jimmy Carter, and you can trust me." This issue also includes Stephen Harvey's last film review for *INQUIRY*. Steve has been with us from Day One, and if you've followed him as I have, I think you'll agree that his pieces have invariably been both informative and scintillating. One of the functions of a (let's face it) relatively small magazine like ours is to discover writing talent that will then go on to "bigger and better things." Accordingly, Steve has been named film reviewer for *Saturday Review*. The good news is that he'll stay with *INQUIRY* as our theater reviewer.

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RES PUBLICA

Swinging Russkies

■ The Soviet government, which approves all slogans for Russian T-shirts, this year approved THE COMMUNIST PARTY AND THE PEOPLE ARE ONE and GLORY TO LABOR.

—*Esquire, January 1980*

Affairs of state

■ As friends clapped a down-home rhythm, Rep. Bill Covington do-si-doed around the floor of the House of Representatives in Nashville to dramatize his drive to make the square dance Tennessee's state dance. But other dance groups protested and they settled for the phrasing, state "folk" dance. That brought a prompt protest from Rep. Lois DeBerry, one of several blacks who felt the change discriminated against black folk dancing. She wanted to insert the word "chicken" in front of folk dance. That lost 64 to 20.

—*Los Angeles Times, Mar. 26, 1980*

Conservative humor

■ An acupuncturist in San Francisco announces that he can cure sexual dysfunctions by sticking needles in your ear. He certainly picked the right city to set up practice.

—*National Review, Mar. 21, 1980*

Does that hold for the shah, if he returns?

■ California's two U.S. senators said yesterday President Carter should imprison Iranian diplomats in the U.S. or expel them from the country in retaliation for the continued holding of 50 American hostages at the U.S. Embassy in Tehran.

Republican Senator S. I. Hayakawa also said all Iranians now in America should be put in relocation camps "the way we did with the Japanese in World War II."

Hayakawa said he will introduce legislation that would authorize the president to imprison all Iranians living in the country as long as they were not U.S. citizens. Janice Barberi, Hayakawa's press secretary, said the bill would be introduced today or tomorrow.

—*San Francisco Chronicle, Mar. 13, 1980*

Many of our guards carry walking sticks

■ The commander of a Detroit police precinct that is under investigation for alleged brutality to prisoners said today that he was unaware that officers may have used cattle prods to control prisoners.

Comdr. Elijay Bowron, a 32-year veteran of the Police Department and head of the department's Second Precinct, yesterday returned two weeks early from vacation. The department is investigating charges that officers used a battery-powered cattle prod against prisoners.

"I never heard of one even being in the station," he said.

—*New York Times, Mar. 5, 1980*

Just remember, "Red good, green bad"

■ Eight million copies of the government's 1980 gasoline mileage guide had to be destroyed at a cost of $500,000 because the guides were printed with the wrong covers, an internal Energy Department audit reported yesterday.

Because of the bureaucratic foul-ups, the guides that give the Environmental Protection Agency's mileage ratings were two months late being distributed to car dealerships around the country, DOE Inspector General J. K. Mansfield said in his report.

The department . . . notified dealers that the corrected guides would have red-and-white covers rather than the green-and-white on the incorrect guides. But through another mixup, 3.4 million copies in the second printing came out with green-and-white covers.

—*San Francisco Chronicle, Mar. 18, 1980*

And it's illegal for a customer to be bald

■ It's against the law in New York state for a lady barber to wear a see-through blouse.

—*San Francisco Chronicle, Mar. 23, 1980*

Send 100,000 to the Bermuda Triangle

■ The U.S. Census Bureau will mail questionnaires to 4,000 abandoned, ramshackle buildings in Detroit . . . just in case.

"There may be people living in these abandoned places that the mailman doesn't know about," said Census Bureau spokeswoman Rebecca Leet.

The federal agency will send out about 86 million census questionnaires on March 28. An estimated 6 million of those will go to vacant addresses, the bureau said.

—*Washington Post, Mar. 6, 1980*

The only good Canadian potato is a dead Canadian potato

■ Angry farmers Thursday dumped tons of potatoes on roadways to blockade nine Canadian border crossings in protest against the U.S. government's refusal to stop Canadian spud imports.

All traffic over the international line was choked off at the nine points.

The farmers dumped piles of potatoes on the roadways in [Maine's] rural northeastern section and then parked their empty trucks across the travel lanes.

—*Los Angeles Times, Mar. 28, 1980*

Congo Bob was the one wearing the Little Miss Muffet costume.

■ If state Sen. Bob Wilson is elected to Congress this year, he might check to see if his predecessor has any leftover stationery.

State Sen. Bob Wilson is running to succeed retiring Rep. Bob Wilson of San Diego, no relation.

Faced with this hometown homonym problem, San Diegans variously refer to Rep. Wilson, 63, a Republican, and state Sen. Wilson, 36, a Democrat, as Big Bob and Little Bob, Old Bob and Young Bob, Senior Bob and Junior Bob, or Congo Bob and Senator Bob, respectively (if not always respectfully).

But on the ballot, each goes by just plain Bob Wilson.

It will soon be election time again, and Jim Bates, the San Diego supervisor, claims that a poll he took shows that 30% of the voters don't know that Big Bob Wilson and Little Bob Wilson are different persons.

Little Bob replied: "That's not what he (Bates) told me when we talked at the Mother Goose parade in El Cajon (last November). He said there was very little confusion. Of course, that was before I decided to run."

—*Los Angeles Times, Mar. 21, 1980*

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Ten years after Kent State

When the war came home

Tin soldiers and Nixon's coming
We're finally on our own
This summer I hear the drumming
Four dead in Ohio . . . . .
*—Neil Young**

MEMORIES THAT BURN AND BLEED ARE always pushed to the rear, and so it is that spring 1970 seems even more distant than it really is. It was a horrifying time for Americans, a time when the very seams of civilization seemed to be giving way. Few planned life more than a day or two in advance then, and few *wanted* to, for every morning's paper brought worse news of the human condition. A brutal, dehumanizing war went on and on; it had taken hundreds of thousands of lives already, and some of us wondered if it might claim millions before finally burning itself out. Nothing seemed to stop it or even slow it; the massive marches, the impassioned, tearful speeches, the angry firebombings, all came to nothing. It was a time of sorrow, a time of frustration, a time of fear, and perhaps most of all, a time of overwhelming helplessness.

Not only did the war drag on, but the American government alternately mocked and bullied those who spoke out against it. One of the slogans of the New Left was "bring the war home," and in this civil authorities seemed increasingly willing to cooperate. In April 1970 Vice President Spiro Agnew offered his advice on how to deal with impudent students: "Imagine they are wearing brown shirts or white sheets and act accordingly." Later in the month he told a gathering of Florida Republicans that "this is the criminal left that belongs not in a dormitory but in a penitentiary. The criminal left is not a problem to be solved by the department of philosophy or the department of English—it is a problem for the justice department."

The next day thousands of American "advisers" rolled across the Cambodian border, searching for a massive underground North Vietnamese nerve center that existed only in General Creighton Abrams's most exotic fantasies. Still the Nixon administration gave us to understand that it wasn't the *war* that was causing all the trouble, it was the *students*; the President himself inveighed at length against "these bums, you know, blowing up the campuses." About the bums blowing up Southeast Asia he said not a word.

Of all the jagged edges that tore at the national psyche, then and now, Kent State was the sharpest. The last of the sixty-seven shots was still ringing in the air when the fantastic lies and apologies began to multiply, and the cover-up has succeeded beyond anyone's wildest dreams. Four innocent people were murdered in front of hundreds of witnesses; literally thousands of photographs were taken; the entire sequence was recorded on movie film and audio tape; the Justice Department, the FBI, a presidential commission and a Pulitzer Prize–winning team of investigative journalists all concluded that

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the National Guard killed without provocation; yet not a single one of the killers ever went to jail. People at all points in the ideological spectrum seemed anxious to forget the entire matter—even the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* applauded Attorney General John Mitchell's decision not to convene a federal grand jury to investigate the murders.

One of the few journalists to confront the Kent State deaths was Nicholas von Hoffman:

> Whose KIA are they? Do we add them to our death toll and send letters of official commiseration to their parents, or do they belong to the enemy body count? . . . It can no longer be said we are racists. We've proven we will treat our own white, middle-class bums like we do the ghetto people and the Indochinese people. It is said that one of the victims wasn't a participant in the demonstration. It is also asserted that some of the dead in Vietnam are non-combatants. We aim, however, only for military targets. Stay off the quad and don't grow your rice near ammunition dumps.

The Kent State shootings were more than just an attack on the four students who were killed and the nine who were wounded. (Usually forgotten are the ten students who were bayoneted by the guardsmen during two previous days of demonstrations.) They were an officially sanctioned assault on the entire antiwar movement, a warning to everyone in this country who raised a voice against the holocaust in Southeast Asia. The day before the shootings, Ohio Governor James Rhodes said in a publicly broadcast press conference that "We're going to use every weapon of the law-enforcement agencies of Ohio to drive [student protesters] out of Kent. . . .They're worse than the brownshirts and the Communist element and also the nightriders and the vigilantes. They're the worst type of people that we have in America. . . .We are going to eradicate the problem, we're not going to treat the symptoms." And if that wasn't clear enough, Ohio National Guard Adjutant General Sylvester Del Corso chimed in that his men were going to "use any force that's necessary, even to the point of shooting."

The next day the guardsmen approached a perfectly peaceful (and legal) noon rally and ordered the students to disperse. The men with the helmets, boots, and M-1 rifles marched around the center of the campus for a few minutes, chasing students out of the way, and then walked to the top of a hill. They fired, for no discernible reason, toward students milling about in a parking lot several hundred feet away. The closest demonstrator hit was 71 feet away; he was standing still, committing the threatening gesture of raising his middle finger. One student was 730 feet away and running in the opposite direction when he was wounded. Eleven of the thirteen people struck by national guard bullets were 200 feet or more from the troops, and William K. Schroeder—one of the four who died—was lying on his stomach, nearly 400 feet away, facing away from the guard.

The guardsmen later claimed they were being rushed by a howling, brick-throwing mob that had closed to within ten or fifteen feet, but the photographs (and the location of the wounded) show what a bold lie that was. Some of them claimed there was sniper fire, but FBI tests on a tape recording of the incident proved that the first shots were fired from the guardsmen's rifles. (One captain even planted a gun on the corpse of 20-year-old Jeffrey Miller in a vain attempt to lend credibility to the reports of sniper fire.) Not only the guardsmen sensed the menace. A city councilman in nearby Youngstown said the only thing that dismayed him about the killings was that there weren't 4004 instead of just four. A letter to the *Washington Post* gloated that "there is a lesson here that should even get through the skulls of college students." The parents of 19-year-old Allison Krause, killed as she tried to hide behind a car, got letters calling their daughter a "cheap slut."

The man who wrote the letter to the *Washington Post* was right; there was a lesson here, and not just for college students. Within days of the Kent State murders, construction workers broke into the lobby of Pace College in New York City, where they destroyed an antiwar exhibit and clubbed students. Bands of high school kids rampaged through the streets of Buffalo throwing rocks and shouting "Get a hippie!" At the University of New Mexico the National Guard bayoneted nine demonstrators and newsmen and then claimed that their victims had been injured when they fell into a clump of rose bushes. Black student leaders at the University of Maryland announced that they were staying out of antiwar activities: "It's useless to play cat and mouse games with men who can kill you," said one. His words were prophetic; a few days later two blacks were killed by police bullets inside a dormitory at Jackson State in Mississippi.

The war finally did end, of course. Some of the Kent State guardsmen were eventually indicted by a federal grand jury, but a judge threw the charges out. And a civil suit against the guardsmen and Governor Rhodes was lost after another federal judge warned jurors that if they voted wrong their neighbors might not like it. "Like the Burma-Shave ad said, remember, even though you are insured they don't pay you, but your widow," the judge instructed the jury. Not surprisingly the verdict was overturned on appeal, and finally the suit was settled out of court: The sixteen plaintiffs split $600,000.

Arthur Krause's share of the settlement was $15,000. That was what the state of Ohio was willing to pay for the life of his daughter, who the day before she was killed told a guardsman, "Flowers are better than bullets." Was it a fair trade, a journalist asked recently, $15,000 for a 19-year-old girl? "No, of course not," Krause answered quietly. "But if you're going to try to measure it in money, what would be enough?" What Krause really would have liked was an apology—an admission that it was wrong to kill his daughter. None has been forthcoming; the most the state of Ohio has ever been willing to say is that "better ways must be found to deal with such confrontations."

Ten years later there is still no one willing to say: We're sorry, we were wrong. Nixon, Mitchell, Agnew, and many of the others are gone from public office, but James Rhodes is still governor of Ohio. A few weeks ago his press secretary told a caller not to bother with questions about Kent State. "The governor has consistently declined comment on that," the press secretary said. Rhodes too wants to forget about it, and hopes that we will do likewise.

Yet the memories, agonizing as they may be, are all we have to show for the deaths of Allison Krause and the others. And the worse the memories are, the more ghastly the images they invoke, the more they are worth; for it is likely that those memories are the only things that stand between us and another dreadful foreign entanglement. Nixon may be gone, but another cynical President sits in the White House scheming for reelection, and from all appearances there is nothing he won't do to win. He has already tried to set in motion the machinery for reinstituting the draft, and his administration's increasingly heated rhetoric about rapid deployment forces and tactical nuclear strikes in the Persian Gulf leaves little doubt about what he'll do with a large army if he gets one. Ten years later the refrain is distressingly familiar.

That is why the tenth anniversary of Kent State takes on a special significance. It is a good time to rummage through the dusty corners of memory and examine closely what we find there. It may be painful. But it will be worth it.

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LETTERS

Letters to the editor should be addressed to INQUIRY Magazine, 747 Front St., San Francisco, California 94111. The editors reserve the right to edit letters for length when necessary.

Banning handguns

JOHN LEWIS'S LAMENTATIONS over Kenyon Ballew, Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms entrapment excesses, and praise of the McClure so-called Gun Control Reform Act ["America's gun police," Mar. 3, 1980] deserve some comment.

First, Ballew and Lewis may have their version of what happened, but neither the U.S. district court nor the federal appeals court has accepted that version. I'm sure that Lewis's failure to mention these court decisions was a mere accidental overcite.

Second, Lewis's lamentation over BATF use of entrapment is a classic case of the right wing being hoist by its own petard. The present entrapment standard is part of the legacy of Richard "law and order" Nixon, right-wing "hero first class." The constitutional basis is *United States* v. *Russell* (U.S. Supreme Court, 1973), a decision that notably widened the police authority in entrapment cases. Not only does the FBI use this decision to justify its activities (ABSCAM) but so does BATF. Who voted how on this 5-to-4 decision? For: Powell, Blackmun, Burger, White, and, delivering the decision for the majority, that wonder of the New Right, William Rehnquist. All four Nixon appointees coming down for "law and order."

What Lewis and his right-wing cohorts would like is for the Court to support a growth in police power for the FBI, CIA, and DEA (the good cops), and footnote that this doesn't apply to BATF (the bad cops). If they want the Supreme Court to cut down police powers they'll just have to vote for Ted Kennedy instead of Ronnie Reagan.

As for the so-called reform act of James McClure (R-Ida.), it might better be described as the Felon Relief Act. Under it, individuals convicted of over forty different types of felonies, including extortions, obstruction of justice, gun running, and civil rights violations (this is Chapter 13 under which three Mississippi sheriffs were convicted for the Chaney, Schwerner, and Goodman killings) would be guaranteed the right to buy, possess, and deal in firearms. The McClure bill would guarantee all people acquitted of gun charges reimbursement of all legal expenses. No other group in the United States has such a right, why should accused gun criminals be the only ones?

It is typical conservative schizophrenia: marijuana is bad but laetrile is good, dirty books destroy us but handguns are blameless inanimate objects, BATF is a rogue agency but the FBI is valiantly rooting out crime and communism; etc, etc, etc.

SAM FIELDS
National Coalition to Ban Handguns
Washington, D.C.

JOHN LEWIS replies: Mr. Fields makes his most glaring errors not in his facts but in his assumptions. Like many handgun prohibitionists he assumes that his allies are liberal and his enemies conservative. These labels are particularly misleading in the gun-control controversy, where the real battle is fought between the advocates of state intervention in private lives, and those with a more libertarian perspective.

Mr. Fields's gratuitous assumptions notwithstanding, I am not of the right wing, and do not support prohibition of marijuana or dirty books, nor state police actions against any noncriminal. I certainly never supported Richard Nixon.

Fields has been hoist by a petard of his own: He is forced to defend the illegal actions of the BATF because it happens to enforce gun-control laws—he inconsistently appears to oppose similar action by the FBI and CIA.

Senator McClure's bill seeks to protect the innocent against malicious prosecution. This is a reform that should be supported regardless of the government agency in question. It is, incidentally, a reform which I am sure a President Ted Kennedy would not *support, if the innocent victims are gun owners.*

A disarmed populace

AS WILLIAM SHIRER SAYS in his excellent dissection of the Third Reich, Hitler formed his national police force via Himmler's Gestapo. In addition, one of the first official acts of the head of the fatherland was national registration and licensing of guns and owners.

Too procrusteanly fascist to occur in the United States, you ask?

Lyndon Johnson is alleged to have had a contingency plan in 1967 for an attempted expropriation of all privately held small arms, beginning with the trouble spots of the inner cities. What part the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (BATF) ["America's gun police," Mar. 3, 1980] would have played in it is problematical, but this extreme sociopolitical adventurism, without congressional sanction and/or the knowledge or consent of the people, would have been the sort of ukase dear to the hearts of many of our leaders and would-be ones.

It is a verity that a disarmed populace can resist nothing from an agent of this government or any other. Taking the guns, on the other hand, is a job I wouldn't want.

ROY TRABAND
Albuquerque, N.M.

Violence and pornography

AS A LONGTIME SUPPORTER OF human (and, therefore, women's) liberation, and a lifelong opponent of violence, I do not understand the letters [Mar. 3, 1980] regarding Nat Hentoff's excellent column [Dec. 10, 1979] on pornography and censorship.

It seems to me that much old-fashioned prudery is being sold under the new label of "feminism." Admittedly, there is porn violence, which I find totally offensive, but to claim that "pornography is almost always an act of aggression and violence against women" is just plain ridiculous. Perhaps the problem is one of definitions—sex vs. violence, pornography vs. erotica—but I think it goes much deeper. I think we (both male and female) still have a long way to go in overcoming our hang-ups about sexuality and pleasure.

If Women Against Pornography want to convince us that they are neither prudes nor censors, let them give us some new erotica to serve as a quality standard.

FRED N. BREUKELMAN
Dover, Del.

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STEPHEN CHAPMAN

Saving America from Toyota

THE YEAR 1979 WAS A BAD one for American auto makers and a good one for their Japanese competitors. So 1980 promises to be a good year for protectionism. In February imported cars captured 27 percent of new car sales in the United States, the highest figure in history, and in no time a couple of congressional committees began investigating. On March 7 and 18 the House subcommittee on trade, chaired by Democrat Charles Vanik of Ohio, met to hear a parade of witnesses. Declared Vanik at the outset, "I am appalled by the wave of Japanese auto sales in this country in recent months . . . No nation allows vital industries to be destroyed by temporary surges of imports . . . I do not believe that the Congress will allow this basic industry to be crippled by imports."

Several witnesses echoed Vanik. "This trade invasion from Japan does not meet any reasonable definition of fair trade," said Democratic Senator Donald Riegle of Michigan, where most of the U.S. auto industry is located. "We cannot sacrifice our workers or our nation to blind ignorance or the ruthless exploitation of predators. . . . Our task is to build a stronger America, and that requires dealing with this auto import challenge now." Representative John Dingell, another Michigan Democrat, warned that "if the Japanese auto manufacturers do not voluntarily cut back their imports to the United States to earlier model year levels—well below the 1979 level—then import quotas on their cars must be put in place." United Auto Workers president Douglas Fraser blamed the influx of Japanese cars for the high unemployment rate among his members and demanded that their manufacturers either voluntarily reduce their shipments to the United States or be required to build assembly plants here, ostensibly to provide jobs for American workers.

On March 19, the Joint Economic Committee held its own hearings, and chairman Lloyd Bentsen of Texas took an only slightly softer line than Vanik and his witnesses. Bentsen praised Volkswagen and Honda for investing here and demanded to know why Toyota and Nissan (Datsun) hadn't done likewise. "The large and persistent bilateral trade deficit with Japan and clear evidence that Japanese markets are closed to many American exports has contributed to a climate ripe for American retaliation," Bentsen said ominously.

The demands for protection have come not only from Capitol Hill and the UAW. The Big Three also have chimed in. Last year Chrysler asked for measures to reduce the competition from abroad, and Ford officials have expressed their sympathy for either a quota or a "local-content" requirement like that suggested by Fraser. General Motors has been somewhat more restrained. GM president Eliot Estes visited Tokyo in March and said that "we would be distressed to see our country resort to protectionism for the auto industry." But he hinted that the Japanese should reduce their sales in the United States: "For the near term, I would hope that Japanese automotive manufacturers would examine their export policies very carefully in light of the current political and economic situation and act accordingly." He added that Japanese investment in factories here would be preferable to "a wall of protectionism."

Why all the fuss? Well, last year was the worst for the U.S. auto industry since the devastating recession of 1974–75, and 1980 so far has been even worse. In 1979 Chrysler lost $1.1 billion and by August the specter of bankruptcy had sent its executives scurrying to Washington to beg for federal help. In the end Congress coughed up loan guarantees worth $1.5 billion. Ford, the second of the Big Three, ran up $273 million in losses on its North American operations last year. Some industry analysts, however, say that when profits from its subsidiaries are deducted, Ford lost a billion dollars or more selling cars and trucks in North America—which raised the prospect that Ford, despite its healthy overseas divisions, might eventually end up like Chrysler. Even General Motors, the world's largest industrial corporation and producer of more domestic cars than its three U.S. rivals combined, suffered an 18 percent decline in profits. By the end of the year it too was losing money selling cars in the United States. Faced with these problems and an impending recession, the American car makers have had to cut back their payrolls. So far, more than 200,000 workers have been laid off, the unemployment rate in Detroit is up—to 13 percent, and no one expects matters to improve very soon.

But while the U.S. companies have been losing money, their foreign competitors have been doing a brisk business. Last year the imports' share of sales amounted to 23 percent, up from 18 percent in 1978 and only 6 percent fifteen years ago. Most of the growth in sales has been in Japanese models, which now account for four out of every five foreign cars sold here. In January and February Japanese car sales were a hefty 63 percent higher than a year before. And the biggest Japanese car maker, Toyota, is giving Ford a race for second place in its home market.

When gasoline lines appeared and prices rose, gas guzzlers began to clog dealers' lots.

THE AMERICAN SETBACKS and the Japanese prosperity can be explained by the same thing: last year's gasoline shortage. At the beginning of last year, consumers were still buying big cars and ignoring small ones. When gasoline lines appeared and prices began climbing last spring, Americans started snapping up small cars, leaving gas guzzlers to clog dealers' lots. Sales of small cars rose by 11 percent in 1979, and big car sales dropped by 21 percent. Since the Big Three weren't

STEPHEN CHAPMAN is a staff writer for The New Republic.

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able to keep up with the U.S. demand for compacts, buyers had to turn to imports, which generally get better mileage than American cars.

GM wasn't hurt as badly by the gas shortage as its domestic rivals because in April it introduced a new line of high-mileage, front-wheel drive compacts (the "X-car"), which sold as fast as the company could make them. Ford lagged behind in going after the small car market; its own front-wheel drive subcompact won't be out till next fall. Chrysler brought out its Omni and Horizon models in 1978, but those engines are made by Volkswagen, and Chrysler's contract prevented a rapid boost in production when the gas shortage hit.

During the 1973–74 shortage, American consumers also switched to small cars in record numbers, but when it was over they went back to big ones. This time the shift seems to be permanent. Gasoline prices have continued to rise steadily since the lines disappeared, and will probably continue to do so for the foreseeable future. Although the Big Three will spend up to $80 billion on capital investment between 1978 and 1985—twice as much as in the previous seven years—they can't retool fast enough to supply buyers with all the small cars they want. Currently U.S. firms make three eight-cylinder models for each four-cylinder model, and it will be 1985 before four-cylinder production will add up to even 40 percent of total output. This means hard times ahead. *Business Week* estimates that imports will capture 30 percent of U.S. sales this year and remain at least at that level for the next five years.

Naturally those in the industry would like some protection against foreign competition, particularly that coming from Japan. To protect the American industry and thousands of jobs, Detroit argues, the Japanese should voluntarily cut back their exports to the United States. In addition, Toyota and Nissan should follow the example of Volkswagen and Honda and build factories here. If they fail to do that, and refuse to open the Japanese market to U.S. auto sales as well, they should be slapped with a quota.

But what would these measures accomplish? Reducing sales of Japanese cars here, through either "voluntary" restraint or a quota, would hurt American consumers and complicate other problems the federal government is supposed to be trying to solve. Consumers would suffer in two ways. Cutting the number of imports available inevitably would cause prices to rise. Those potential buyers unable to pay the higher price would have to either buy a less desirable car or do without. Presumably the easing of Japanese price competition would allow American car makers (and foreign firms not affected by the reduction) to raise their own prices. Thus even those consumers who wanted American cars all along would be hurt by the quota. In any case, a consumer who had to buy a new car wouldn't necessarily be able to settle for a small American car instead of an import, because the Big Three cannot turn out any more small cars. So his only option would be to buy a bigger American car.

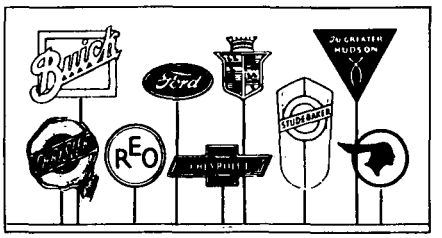
Forcing consumers to buy American instead of foreign cars will push gasoline consumption up, since the average imported car gets 29 miles per gallon (by the EPA estimate) compared to only 21.5 for the typical American-made model. Abraham Katz, an assistant Commerce secretary who testified before Vanik's subcommittee, estimated that each larger American car bought by a consumer who could not get a Japanese model would increase oil imports by 69 barrels over its lifetime—nearly three thousand gallons.

One interesting coincidence is that the proposed local-content requirements would apply to only two Japanese firms—Toyota and Nissan. They wouldn't affect those Japanese companies that make cars and trucks for the Big Three. A Toyota official who testified before the Joint Economic Committee noted that the largest percentage increase in exports to the United States last year came from Mitsubishi, which produces vehicles for sale by Chrysler. Likewise shipments of Fiestas from Germany for Ford were 60 percent higher in January than a year before. Chevrolet's small LUV pickup, made in Japan by Isuzu, enjoyed a 50 percent increase in sales last year. But no one has suggested that these companies are a threat to American industry and jobs.

THE CARTER ADMINISTRATION says it opposes any cut in Japanese cars here. Like the UAW, Ford, and both Bentsen and Vanik, the administration prefers to force Toyota and Nissan to build cars in the United States, arguing that this would protect American jobs without raising car prices or stimulating gasoline consumption. But this proposal makes no more sense than a quota. Its main effect would be to squander the substantial cost advantage the Japanese have over U.S. car makers. Assistant Secretary Katz pointed out that wages and benefits paid to auto workers in Japan add up to $6.85, compared to $13.72 here. Worker productivity is about the same. When lower costs for raw materials are accounted for, the Japanese have a cost advantage of nearly a thousand dollars per car. (The Carter administration is partly to blame, since its trigger prices on imported steel, not dismantled until March 1980, have raised the cost of steel to U.S. auto makers.)

Shipments of German-made Fiestas are up 60 percent, but no one is calling Ford a threat to American jobs.

Even after the cost of shipping the cars over here is subtracted, the Japanese can still undersell their American counterparts by $560 per car. Recent depreciations of the yen against the dollar, Katz noted, have raised that cost advantage by more than a hundred dollars. Plainly if there were some advantage to building here, Toyota and Nissan would need no prodding. The Volkswagen case, cited frequently by the UAW, is proof of this. Labor costs are higher in West Germany than here. That difference, combined with a period of a strong deutsche mark against the dollar, had practically priced Volkswagen out of the U.S. market. The company built here to reduce its costs.



Moreover, requiring such investments wouldn't do American auto workers much good. As one witness noted, it would take three dozen plants the size of Volkswagen's Pennsylvania factory to put all the unemployed auto workers back on the job. Even if Toyota and Nissan decided to open plants here, they wouldn't begin to produce cars for at

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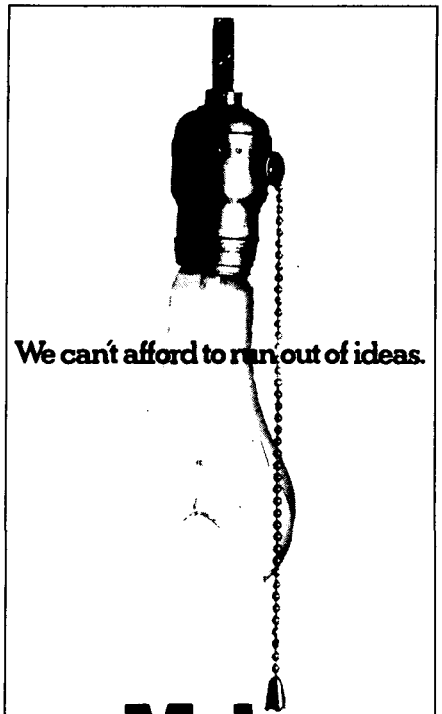
least two to three years. Nor would reducing Japanese imports put anyone back to work. Almost all of the layoffs have been in plants designed to produce big cars. The demand for big cars isn't likely to grow enough to justify rehiring many of those workers, regardless of what the government does. Unemployed auto workers will be rehired only when there is enough small-car capacity to employ them. Reducing imports will not make the Big Three expand their small-car production any faster; they already are retooling as quickly as they can. In fact, reducing the competition from abroad would reduce their incentives to retool rapidly.

So that leaves only pure retaliation as the rationale for erecting trade barriers to Japanese cars. But retaliation for what? No one seriously thinks the Japanese are "dumping" their cars (selling at below cost or below domestic prices in Japan) here, or else the Big Three would have filed antidumping suits already. Nor should all the talk about Japan's own supposed protectionism be taken seriously. We place a 2.9 percent tariff on imported cars; the Japanese, no tariff at all. And there is no persuasive evidence that the Japanese government tries to discourage imports by cumbersome safety and emission standards. On one occasion, it even granted importers a three-year exemption from emission standards. At worst, the regulations apply to all automakers equally—just like those in the United States, which haven't prevented the Japanese from doing business here. The real obstacle to American success in Japan is that the market is too small to allow economies of scale in production. The U.S. market, by contrast, is the world's biggest, which enables the Japanese to make cars specifically for American standards and tastes.

Punishing the Japanese auto makers for their success here would be costly and dangerous: costly to consumers because it would limit choices and raise prices, costly to the Big Three and the auto workers because it might well ignite a trade war that would foreclose the possibility of expanding sales of American cars overseas. These costs—at both levels—will not be offset by any compensating benefits, since in this case protectionism won't even achieve the ostensible purposes of increasing the sales of the Big Three and providing additional new jobs for unemployed auto workers. To punish the Japanese for their success would hurt us a lot more than it would hurt them.



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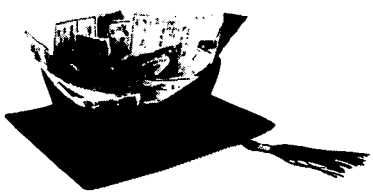

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POLITICS

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN

Misguided missile

THE NATIONAL DEBATE over the MX missile drags on, but out around Cedar City, Utah, they know what they think. Says Dixie Leavitt, who owns an insurance company, "If the MX were to fold up and go away, everyone here would breathe a sigh of relief." A few hundred miles across the desert, in Pioche, Nevada, opinion is just as fixed, if more resigned. Around Pioche they believe they're going to get the MX no matter how much they object. "What the hell do you expect?" asked gas station owner Art Hartley recently. "Eighty-seven percent of Nevada is federal land to start with. What the individual thinks isn't going to change their minds."

In Cedar City and Pioche the MX weighs heavily on people's minds; it is little desert communities like these that will have to live next door to the mobile missile system if it comes, with its 15,000 miles of roads and railways and its 4,600 launching silos.

But there is ample reason for all of us to be concerned. The MX will cost somewhere between $34 billion and $80 billion, a considerable outlay these days. We must also live with the policy consequences of the MX, for it is likely to have a profound impact on not only the thinking of the American military but the Soviets too.

The argument for the MX is based on the assumption that America's land-based ICBMs will soon be vulnerable to a Soviet first strike. Therefore the United States needs a new missile to replace its Minuteman missiles. In 1979, the Carter administration made its decision: the construction of 200 MX missiles, each with ten very powerful and very accu-

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rate warheads, giving the United States a capacity to destroy most Soviet land-based missiles. Each MX will be deployed in a so-called horizontal-dash or "racetrack" course with twenty-three silos; this would create 4600 potential targets to siphon off enemy warheads which, in most cases, would be directed against empty silos.

This raises at least three sets of questions: Are America's land-based ICBMs likely to be destroyed in the event of a Soviet first strike, and, if so, what is the strategic significance of that situation? Is the MX a reasonable response to that concern? Should the MX be deployed in the elaborate "racetrack" pattern, or are there better ways of deploying this missile or an alternative weapon?

Pentagon analysts claim that the Soviets have greatly improved the accuracy of their missiles: It is now within about 1030 feet, and by 1985, when the MX might first be available, that accuracy will be within about 730 feet. Such estimates measure CEP (circular error probable), the radius of a circle within which half the Soviet weapons fall. (Often, however, laymen forget that the CEP number means that the other half of the weapons fall outside that radius, and thus the average accuracy is likely to be worse than the CEP.)

*ACTUALLY, THESE PENTA-*gon reports of greatly increased accuracy—of 1030 and 730 feet—are suspect for at least two separate sets of reasons. They are calculated from Soviet test flights, conducted under ideal conditions; it is unlikely that this accuracy can be duplicated under war conditions, when shock waves of early exploding warheads will interfere with the flight patterns of later arriving weapons and when haste and poor coordination may also create errors. In addition, these numbers are unofficial, off-the-record estimates; given the bias of Pentagon and intelligence sources, which have generally exaggerated Soviet prowess, the actual numbers may be somewhat higher and the Soviet missiles less accurate. Accuracy is critical, for halving the CEP more than doubles the likelihood of a "kill."

But even if we waive all these serious criticisms and postulate that the 1000 American Minuteman missiles are vulnerable in a Soviet first strike, what is the strategic significance of that situation? After all, the land-based ICBMs are only one part of an elaborate strategic triad that also involves bombers and submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs). Even if the land-based ICBMs are all vulnerable, the Soviets would have to be suicidal to attack these ICBMs unless they could also be sure of destroying the bombers and SLBMs. Otherwise, the United States could retaliate with its bombers and SLBMs, which now constitute about 70 percent of the warheads of the American arsenal. Even in the best-coordinated attack, the Soviets could not destroy most bombers or more than one-third of the submarines (those in port). In view of the probable warning time of a Soviet missile attack, many of the bombers could be deployed to retaliate against the Soviets; and submarines at sea are very hard to track and thus virtually invulnerable. Unless we assume that the Soviets are suicidal, they are unlikely to launch a first strike against the Minuteman missiles and risk massive retaliation by submarines and bombers. In that sense, the basic deterrence of the system of "mutual assured destruction" will still operate—even if all of America's land ICBMs are vulnerable (they are not) to a Soviet first strike.

Some supporters of the MX have argued that America's Minuteman vulnerability might lead to the following kind of scenario: A Soviet first strike would destroy many of the Minutemen, and the United States, lacking the will, would not retaliate, for that would provoke another Soviet attack killing more than 100 million Americans. Instead, Washington would surrender. This peculiar "worst possible" scenario rests upon the assumption that America will not retaliate with nuclear weapons if it is attacked—an assumption that is both unproved and contrary to the stated operating assumptions of all postwar presidents and their top defense advisers.

Is the new MX a reasonable solution to the alleged vulnerability of Minuteman missiles? Put differently, why build a more accurate and more powerful ICBM with ten warheads? It would weigh about 95 tons, would carry ten large (335 kiloton) warheads, and be twice as accurate as the Minuteman III. (The Minuteman III has a CEP of 730 feet and the MX's would be about 300 feet.) That destructive power, great accuracy, and the ten warheads are necessary, according to defenders of the MX, because it must be able to destroy many of the 1400 Soviet ICBMs and thus have the counter-silo capacity attributed to the large Soviet SS-18 missiles. Otherwise, their argument runs, the Soviets would be able to destroy our land-based missile force in a first strike but we would not be able to destroy theirs in a first strike.

Even if our land-based ICBMs are vulnerable, the USSR would have to be suicidal to attack.

What is often unmentioned is that roughly 75 percent of the Soviet nuclear force is in land-based missiles, according to SALT negotiators, and thus American ability to knock out these strategic military targets—what is called counterforce capacity—should seem especially threatening to the Soviets. Compared to the United States, the Soviets rely less upon their bombers and their submarines, which are noisier than ours and easier to locate. In view of the liabilities of a massive, coordinated first strike by either side against the other, not all the Soviet land-based ICBMs would be destroyed. But a very high percentage could be. That dangerous prospect might compel the Soviets to adopt a "launch on warning" strategy, which increases the likelihood of accidental nuclear war, or, under unusual and very unlikely circumstances, to move toward a preemptive first strike.

The fundamental point is not simply that America does not need a counterforce or near-counterforce capacity, but that it is very dangerous to have one because of the Soviets' greater emphasis on land ICBMs.

*THE ARGUMENT OF MIN-*uteman vulnerability—itself an overstated case—has generated a sense that America needs a new missile. Yet, curiously, if the Minuteman is vulnerable, it is not because of the missile's qualities but because of its basing system. Hence, the proposed "racetrack," a shell game with twenty-three silos and one missile, which means 4600 silos for the 200 missiles. Since the Soviets under SALT II might have about 1260 land-based missiles with 6200 warheads by 1985, the American aim is to

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create many empty targets to decoy the Soviet weapons.

The racetrack system, however, with its 4600 silos, might encourage the Soviets to build more missiles and warheads to oppose our counterforce capability. Under SALT II, due to expire in 1985 if it is passed, the Soviets would have about 6200 land-based ICBM warheads. That number could not guarantee a high level of kills against the racetrack system's silos. But Senate ratification of SALT II looks less likely every day. If the treaty is junked, the Soviets might decide to add enough firepower to jeopardize the MX. The CIA recently estimated that each of the USSR's SS-18 missiles could carry up to thirty warheads; many analysts think that without SALT II, the MX system could soon become vulnerable to a surprise strike. (The Air Force Chief of Staff responds to this argument by suggesting that we could build additional MX launchers, or perhaps deploy an antiballistic missile to protect the system. But there are already enough problems finding a place to put the MX system at its current size, and an antiballistic missile—in addition to violating the 1972 anti-ABM treaty with Moscow—would be insanely expensive.)

Even assuming passage of SALT II, the MX would remain vulnerable. Much of the system would not be available until about 1988–90; by then, the Soviets could easily build between 10,000 and 12,000 warheads. It would probably cost the Soviets less to add warheads than it would cost the United States to add silos or more MXs. Of course, a SALT III agreement might conceivably restrict the number of Soviet land-based ICBM warheads to 6,200, but imagine the difficulty of the United States persuading the Soviets of the need for such a restriction so that the United States could protect its MX system, with its countersilo capacity. Why should the Soviets accede to such a self-serving American argument?

The basing arrangement is very expensive and threatens to disrupt the areas where the racetracks are likely to be located. The MX may cost as much as $80 billion. The Pentagon has been saying $34 billion, but that does not allow for double-digit inflation or cost overruns, and the General Accounting Office recently estimated $57 billion, not including the cost of nuclear warheads. The system will require about 12,000 miles of heavy road (about one-fourth the size of the federal highway system), 3,000 miles of rail, more cement than the industry can provide without badly shorting other construction, and more water than the key states (Nevada and Utah) can comfortably provide. Moreover, despite Pentagon claims that the entire system will close off only about twenty-five square miles (for the silos) to public access, private estimates suggest that the closed-off area might run to 5,000 square miles.

On February 8, the four senators from Nevada and Utah asked Carter to direct his advisers "to take a comprehensive new look at alternative basing modes . . . as quickly as possible." They want a cheaper arrangement, one that would be less time-consuming to construct and less disruptive to the environment. At the time, a member of the National Security Council and an air force official both said that no revisions were planned, that the forty-seven valleys of east-central Nevada and west-central Utah were the best sites for the MX, and the racetrack was the best arrangement. Under fierce pressure from these states, however, in late March the air force promised to consider Texas and New Mexico as possible sites for the MX.

Despite the general patriotism in Nevada and Utah, opposition to the MX has been intense there.

To try to sell the program to residents of Utah and Nevada, a team from the air force has been attending public meetings in the two states to try to allay fears and to stress the advantages of the likely economic boom. What surprised them has been the intensity and magnitude of the opposition, despite the general patriotism in these states, the belief that the MX is necessary, and the desire of some to benefit from the new workers and large payrolls.

Many residents fear an ecological disaster and the destruction of their way of life. What will happen to scarce water supplies for cattle and other present needs, they ask, if the MX project siphons off billions of gallons? What will happen when 100,000 people (workers and their families) flood into an area now populated by only 50,000? And what will happen five to eight years later when they leave?

TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, ELY, in White Pine County, Nevada; population 5700. The whole county's annual budget is $1.6 million and it could need $465,000 to plan for the impact of the MX. The school population might quadruple, which would require, among other buildings, a new high school, costing about $10 million. The four physicians would have to be increased to about twenty, and the forty-four bed hospital to about two hundred. Who will pay for the expansion?

Few believe the air force's promises that only about twenty-five square miles will be closed off to the population for the missile silos. A cynical air force executive, though plumping publicly for the racetrack system, chuckled privately over the federal government's claims that the areas near the racetracks would be open to the public for picnics. "Someone could go broke with the hot-dog concession," he sneered. It seems unlikely that ordinary citizens would be allowed near the racetrack courses; the dangers of sabotaging a missile or learning its location (among twenty-three silos) would be too great.

In Lincoln County, Nevada, 84 percent of the polled residents opposed the MX, but, cynically, 96 percent said that the air force would disregard their opposition. How can you defeat Washington, they asked. Nevada's Governor Robert List, a critic of the air force plan, hopes to block the scheme or compel important concessions. "Nevadans are not going to take kindly to the air force coming in and taking over our precious water reserves," List said. "I can't overemphasize the potential, irrevocable impact of the MX system on Nevada and Utah. Utah Governor Scott Matheson has stressed the threat to scarce water resources in his state and the willingness of the Pentagon to override local and regional concerns, as evidenced by its plan to give local governments less than two months to respond to the air force's draft environmental impact statement. "It's outrageous. I won't tell you the other words," said Matheson. "Thirty or sixty days to respond to an environmental impact statement that has taken months and months and months for them to put together," List complained.

What will happen after twenty or thir-

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ty years (the estimated span of strategic usefulness) when the MX system is decommissioned? Will the roads, railroad track, and concrete shelters be dismantled? Or, as Governor List fears, will the air force leave "rusting old leftover rattletrap facilities out there blowing in the wind?" At a time when some citizens of Utah and Nevada already mistrust the federal government in the belief that they were unwitting victims of nuclear testing, the MX controversy has stirred new resentment.

The MX plan has also come in the middle of what has been called the "Sagebrush Rebellion," the effort by western states to regain control of 700 million acres of land owned by the federal government. The seat of the rebellion is Nevada, where the state legislature is challenging federal control of 50 million acres of land. The legislature argues that Nevada and other western states were compelled to give up the land as a condition for statehood and thus they did not enter the Union on an equal basis with the eastern states.

We could build cheaper, less disruptive, and less provocative systems than the MX racetrack.

Without referring to the "Sagebrush Rebellion," Assistant Secretary of the Air Force Joe Meis acknowledges that "a number of questions have been raised for which we do not yet have answers." He and other air force officials have been saying that the federal government will pay for much of the additional expense created by the MX system, but their promises are vague and the cost is likely to be quite high. Robert N. Broadbent, a commissioner in Clark County, Nevada, pointed out that his county cannot even collect an overdue sewer bill of $140,000 from the nearby air force base nor gain payment for $800,000 for the air force's share of a water treatment plant. "If the air force cannot pay its measly $1 million sewer bill," he asked, "how can we believe any of their promises on this MX program?"

The air force insists that America needs the MX. "The concept is sound," said Assistant Secretary Meis, "the risks are low, and we expect to complete the program."

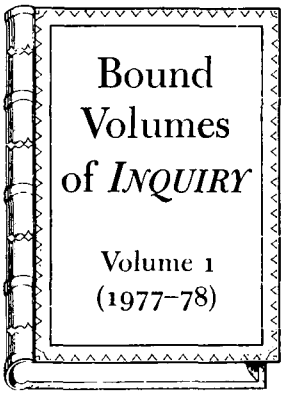
What will happen when the already unhappy citizens of the designated area in Utah and Nevada learn that the concept is not sound and the risks are not low? After all, they will also be amid the targets for enemy weapons if nuclear war should erupt. They will be part of the "sponge," to use the Pentagon's luckless phrase, that will absorb enemy warheads.

IF THERE IS A NEED TO supplement or replace the Minuteman force with a less vulnerable deterrent, there are cheaper, less provocative, and less disruptive solutions than deploying 200 MXs in a racetrack system. Why not, as some scientists have suggested, deploy small submarines, each with two missiles, in ocean areas near the North American continent, areas protected by the United States Navy. They could be deployed by the mid or late 1980s. Their proximity to the United States would solve various command difficulties. They could be staffed by small crews of about twenty and sent out for about a month at a time, so that most of them would be at sea at any given moment. The area a few hundred miles off the continent is so large (400,000 square miles) that it would be very difficult for the enemy to find these subs, and they would constitute a virtually invulnerable deterrent. The missiles on the subs could be fitted with multiple independently targeted reentry vehicles (MIRVs); these would be less accurate than the land-based MX, and thus they would not pose a counterforce threat to the Soviet ICBMs. In short, this submarine system would buttress mutual assured destruction but would not be provocative.

Such a solution, to be acceptable, would have to meet both the strategic and the political needs of the administration. It does seem to meet the strategic needs—with one possible exception. Some administration proponents of the MX claim that it has another strategic function: It is designed to make the Soviet ICBMs vulnerable and thereby push the Soviets in the direction of stressing SLBMs. Certainly the present system of mutual assured destruction would be improved if both the Soviets and the United States relied less on vulnerable land-based systems. But there is something bizarre about the United States developing and deploying the MX in order to force the Soviets to improve their own missiles.

Well before the 1979 dispute about the Soviet brigade in Cuba and the Soviet armed entry into Afghanistan, President Carter had announced that he would develop the MX missile. Why? Probably he wanted to assuage "hawk" fears that America was falling behind in the nuclear arms race; the MX seemed essential to win needed votes for SALT II in the Senate. The MX, which administration spokesmen had derided earlier as too costly and too dangerous, became part of the price for SALT II. Now, when it appears that SALT II is doomed (at least during this election year), there is a new stated rationale for the weapon: America needs the missile because of Soviet belligerence. The strategic analysis undergirding that conclusion is dubious. But Carter feels that he cannot get reelected unless he builds greater nuclear strength. Will his political rivals at home settle for a safer deterrent, one without a counterforce capacity? Or, believing that Soviet missiles threaten America's missiles and thus that America needs a counterforce capacity, will leading GOP contenders insist upon the MX? If they do, whatever the strategic drawbacks of the MX, it will become a politically necesary component of Jimmy Carter's defense system.

HANDSOME



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MEDIA

MICHAEL BARBER

First Amendment meltdown

THE FACT THAT IT WAS Judge John C. Dowling who was about to rule, down at the Dauphin County Courthouse in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, added to the tension lingering in the air. Dowling was flamboyant, colorful—he often quoted Shakespeare during trials—and well-known for harsh decisions in criminal hearings. (Defense attorneys variously refer to him as "Black Jack" or "Maximum John.")

But on Monday, February 4, Maximum John fooled us. He quoted not Shakespeare but Justice William O. Douglas in rebuffing the first major attempt of the decade at censorship.

For a change, it wasn't the federal government asking for a restraining order to block publication. Metropolitan Edison Company, which runs the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant, was setting itself up as the grand arbiter of national security. Met-Ed wanted to stop a story about to appear in *The Guide*, a muckraking Harrisburg weekly.

It seems *Guide* reporter Robert Kapler used a fictitious name and address to get himself hired as a security guard at Three Mile Island. A cursory background check would have exposed him, but none was conducted. Instead, Kapler found he had free run of the place—with no supervision. To prove it, he smuggled in a camera, waltzed into the brain center of the crippled Unit 2 reactor, and snapped pictures. When plant officials found out, they went to court to keep the story out of print.

Judge Dowling was probably able to understand the sheer embarrassment that the nuclear utility—still reeling from the fiasco last spring and subsequent disclosures of other violations—felt. But what he had trouble grasping was how Met-Ed, a private corporation, could be talking about national security.

In fact, Dowling asked point blank: If the issue is national security, where is the federal government in the form of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission? "I don't know," admitted Met-Ed attorney R. Stephen Shibla.

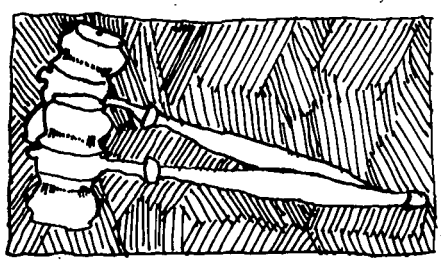
Later, when challenged by Judge Dowling to explain exactly which national security matters were at stake, Met-Ed attorneys were not much more persuasive. They called the article a "significant, serious, grave security threat."

"But you're asking me to restrain his mind," Dowling said. "Isn't this the very thing that the First Amendment is about, protecting the public interest in a free and open debate? Do you think you have demonstrated a national security problem here today?"

Met-Ed: "We don't know, but the potential should not be lightly dismissed. . . ."

Dowling: "What do you want me to say? That he should not publish anything with respect to national security? There are two interpretations [of national security] here—Met-Ed's and his."

MET-ED'S INTERPRETATION was certainly not strengthened by a glut of evidence that the NRC itself had released more information about nuclear power plant security than Kapler could have learned in a year. Two comprehensive manuals, available in the NRC document room at the state library in Harrisburg, detail how to overcome every conceivable barrier system in nuclear power plant security. Moreover, a study of Three Mile Island commissioned by the NRC revealed fifteen different ways to



sabotage the plant; many of these required no explosives or other equipment—simply the flip of a switch or the twist of a valve. The study is available to the public.

Three Mile Island officials also admitted that security guard candidates at the plant begin learning about sensitive security areas and procedures even before they get their physical exams—so anyone who washes out on either the physical or later written exams walks away with the same knowledge Kapler had gathered.

And of course there was testimony about the aftermath of the accident last spring—in which Jimmy Carter, trailed by numerous television cameramen and press photographers, toured the crippled reactor. Those pictures were beamed around the world for anyone to take a look at.

Oddly enough, Met-Ed attorneys made only the most fleeting references to the Atomic Energy Act. That was the amazingly broad law that the federal government used to hold up publication of an issue of *The Progressive* magazine for weeks. It prohibits the communication of practically anything at all relating to the production of nuclear energy, whether in government files or not. All such data is "classified at birth," and however ridiculous the law may seem, the U.S. Justice Department found a judge who would issue an injunction under it. The *Guide*'s defense team waited throughout the hearing for Met-Ed to drag out the heavy artillery in the form of arguments based on *The Progressive* case and the Atomic Energy Act, but it never happened. (The folks at *The Progressive* were probably surprised too; they had already written us a cheery letter welcoming us to "the club." Some club.)

In the end, it was all too much for Judge Dowling. He said Metropolitan Edison's arguments were "totally eclipsed by the First Amendment."

"The national security interests here involved I find to be vague, conjectural, potential; and furthermore, there is an abundance of testimony that the defendants occupy no unique position with respect to the information obtained. To sanction a prior restraint there must be abundant proof of inevitable, immediate, direct, and irreparable harm to the interests of the United States, and this the plaintiff has not shown. . . ."

"Publication is at many times inconvenient, disruptive, annoying, damaging, but the experience of our founding fathers, an experience which has been reinforced throughout our history, supports the view that the press must be left free to publish news, whatever the source, without censorship, injunction, or prior restraint. Without an informed and free press, there can not be an enlightened citizenry to protect the values of democratic government." We had won, and the presses rolled.

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By FRANK BROWNING

JIMMY CARTER'S ASTOUNDING LIES

"I would not tell a lie," Jimmy told us in 1976. "If I ever do... don't support me." Here are a few of the best and biggest whoppers he's told us.

LUST, THE CANDIDATE SAID, HAD POSSESSED his flesh and polluted his innermost thoughts. Therefore, according to the laws of God, he had committed the sin of adultery just as surely as if he had bedded down with his opponent's wife. Having so confessed, James Earl Carter Jr. promised that he had prayed and would continue to pray to God for forgiveness of such sins in the hope that he could better fulfill his promises to his country. If he kept that promise, to God and to Rosalyn, it is more than he has done for the country at large.

The breaking of political promises, especially by presidential candidates, may not be a major news item. Yet the promises of Jimmy Carter, who cloaked himself in the shroud of Jesus and invoked the Boy Scout oath of honesty in almost every breath, deserve a careful reading. For more than any other recent politician, he has billed himself as the *moral* candidate, whose greatest promise was that he would issue no false promises. "There are a lot of things I would not do to be elected," he said in 1976. "I would not tell a lie. I would not make a misleading statement. I would not betray a trust and I would not avoid a controversial issue. If I ever do any of those things, don't support me."

And the theme continues in his 1980 campaign. During the Illinois primary, one of Carter's television ads showed him addressing a town meeting as the announcer says: "You may not always agree with President Carter, but you'll never find yourself wondering if he's telling you the truth. It's hard to think of a more useful quality in any person who becomes President than telling you the simple truth."

Whether he has lied—about arms cutbacks, reduced unemployment, the inflationary spiral, bureaucratic metastasis, or pot smoking—or whether he has merely passed through political puberty depends upon how one regards the exigencies of electoral life in America. Either way, the persona of Jimmy Carter today bears little resemblance to the God-fearing cracker populist of four years ago. It is not only that his performance on each of these subjects is a living denial of his original commitment, but that the sum of his political acts has given the lie to the principles he originally proclaimed. The lies of Jimmy Carter are the lies of a fraudulent myth.

First there was the aura of the yeoman farmer, the boy who had slogged around the pig troughs and peanut rows of his daddy's farm, who had known neither electricity nor indoor plumbing until he reached his teens. Homespun, honest, and hard working, he vowed to come to Washington and drive the slothful money-changers from the citadel. Just as Martin Luther crusaded against the corrupt church of Rome, Jimmy Carter promised to pour the purgative of thrift into the bloated bureaucracy of imperial Washington: zero-based budgeting; elimination of hundreds of agencies, boards, and commissions; major cutbacks in the White House staff.

Making war on old, well-lacquered bureaucracies is of course never easy. Their ability to swallow, digest, gurgle, and exude new directives in a flash of flatulence is notorious. Thus, when Carter announced that he would reduce the number of "federal agencies" from 1900 to no more than 200, his adversaries were given an early advantage. Still, that promise might have been more easily fulfilled had the candidate known what

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Jimmy vowed he would keep inflation under control.

he was talking about. For, once elected, Carter discovered that 1175 of the "agencies" were really only advisory committees. Quietly pushing aside such subtleties, Carter's people issued a few strident memos which, after three years, brought about a net "agency" reduction of 420—somewhat shy of the 1700 originally promised. "To say that Carter's promise to cut the number of federal agencies to 200 was silly is being kind," one discreet administration aide told the *Wall Street Journal*.

AS TO THE STAFFING OF THE IMPERIAL court, the White House, one might have expected the presidential knife to cut with more ease. Carter did order an end to private limousines for most of his staff, as they were clearly a rather obvious symbol of unthrift. Cousin Hugh Carter Jr., also a special assistant, claims the White House staff was cut by almost 30 percent, from 485 in 1977 to 351 at the end of last year. Technically, Cousin Hugh is telling the truth. "To put it as graciously as possible, however, the figures are highly deceptive and the alleged reductions are largely the result of bookkeeping gimmicks," the *National Journal* reported recently. Most of the 134 were simply transferred sideways to the Executive Office of the President. More important than bodies counted are dollars spent—and those have nearly doubled since Jerry Ford left the premises. The entire federal civilian work force also grew from 2,696,328 in January 1977 to 2,752,875 in September 1979.

As for zero-based budgeting, that magical alchemy of modern accounting through which Jimmy supposedly worked wonders in Georgia, orders did go out in 1978 to the agencies and departments to immerse themselves in ZBB and be born again. Some tried, a few refused, and most failed miserably. The Brookings Institution concluded that ZBB was "ill-suited" to federal budgetary planning and might actually hike expenses. And Peter A. Pyhrr, the progenitor of the ZBB method, complained that the Carter directives were so broad, so vague, and so "screwed up" that "it was an absolute disaster in the making."

So it was that the Justice Department concluded recently that somewhere between 1 and 10 percent of the entire federal budget ($5 billion to $50 billion) could be chalked up to fraud or abuse. And that estimate does not include waste, according to a 1979 staff report of the Congressional Joint Economic Committee. Add waste to fraud and abuse and the total dent in the annual HEW budget alone would be between $6.3 billion and $7.4 billion. All of which Comptroller General Elmer Staats says "is due to a lack of adequate management information systems, the low priorities given to fraud detection and referral for investigation, and inadequacy of the agency investigators." Not even Luther's hated papacy had it so good.

If catching crooks and slackers were easy, cops and preachers would be a popular breed. It isn't, they aren't, and even Jimmy Carter deserves charity for virtue foiled. But what of virtue failed?

Candidate and President Carter dedicated himself early and consistently to two fundamental goals: slashing unemployment and wrestling the federal budget back into the black, joint objectives which he swore were neither childlike nor chimerical and were integral to his commitment to social justice. For that reason blacks and bankers alike rallied to his cause. The Carter "economic program," if it can be called such, possessed numerous other elements: reducing inflation, ensuring at least minimal growth in productivity, guaranteeing against tax increases, and expanding mortgage money—everything but a visit from the tooth fairy.

"We've got to have the major emphasis on jobs . . . that would be the major thrust of my administration," candidate Carter promised in April 1976. At the same time he vowed that he would keep inflation under control. But Carter and his economic planners never instituted economic policies that would lead to an increase in jobs. Therein lies one of the most duplicitous elements of his domestic policy. Unemployment in the winter of 1976 stood at about 7.5 percent. And by the end of fiscal year 1980, his planners now say, the figure should be around 6.9 percent for whites in their prime years. For blacks, however, the figure will be between 22 and 55 percent, depending on the age bracket. At the same time, inflation has risen from just under 5 percent when he took office to nearly 19 percent at the beginning of March 1980.

The jobless were the first to be sold out in favor of a muddled policy supposedly justified by the threat of rising inflation: In the jargon of Carter's 1979 economic report, his earlier commitments had fallen victim to the "inconsistency between the objectives for growth and unemployment and the need to reduce inflation." A part of that sellout, he explained to Congress less than three months after he took office, resulted from his attempt—halfhearted at that—to subordinate new legislative programs to the balancing of the budget by 1981, a goal he is still far from actually reaching.

"There's no doubt in my mind that before I go out of office the budget will be balanced," the candidate said midway through his 1976 campaign. Just how big the deficit for fiscal 1980 will run remains to be seen, but the best projections at the beginning of this year set it at no less than $36 billion. Even his pro forma balanced budget pledged for fiscal 1981 succeeds only by keeping tens of billions of dollars in deficits off-budget.Thus Carter not only reversed himself at full gait, but will end his term with nothing to show for his own perfidy.

Carter made numerous other sacrifices that fell most heavily on his poorer constituents. On September 19, 1976, the candidate promised, "I will never increase taxes for the working people of our country and the lower- and middle-income groups . . . and you can depend on that if I'm elected." Nonetheless, Carter has allowed the tax bill for a median-income family of four to rise by one-third between 1976 and 1980. His decision to balance the 1981 budget by imposing a new ten-cent tax on each gallon of gasoline will hit lower-income people hardest. Further, having committed himself to homes for everyone and more mortgage money for home finance, Carter then encouraged the Federal Reserve to raise the prime interest rate to nearly 20 percent, which killed the hopes of home-buying for most working people. As a report from the U.S. Conference of Mayors stated last year about the President's always elusive "urban policies," the Carter budget "imposes the burden of the fight against inflation on the cities, the poor, the elderly, the unemployed, and the youth of this nation. It is particularly ironic that many of the programs cut or abandoned were key components of President Carter's urban policy announced less than a year ago."

"I don't like to categorize," Carter declared in one of his

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early campaign speeches. "I don't see myself as a liberal or conservative or the like. I'm a farmer, you know." Carter's boast that he had no ideology made it possible for him to offer anything to anybody without fear that someone might point out that the principle behind one promise appeared to contradict the principle behind another. So he promised to chop all the waste out of the defense budget and reduce American troop commitments abroad—particularly in Korea, where he would order a withdrawal. The liberals loved it. He promised to deregulate natural gas. The conservatives whooped it up. He promised national health insurance, and organized labor lined up behind him. He denounced synthetic-fuel development as too expensive and an unwarranted waste of water supplies, which revved up the environmentalists. He promised a national transportation program. And he promised his fellow farmers everything short of the moon, which perhaps explains why his performance in office so enraged them that they drove their tractors thousands of miles over icy winter roads to shout their anger on the Capitol steps.

CARTER'S RELUCTANCE TO "CATEGORIZE" his positions as liberal or conservative was calculated to project the image of an open-minded independent. Some wags have suggested that a totally open mind is incapable of retaining thought. But there is a strategy, one suspects, beneath his apparent contradictions; it recalls the more profound duplicity implicit in the myth of Carter as the moral man of candor who vowed to "open the government" to the people. Unlike politicians of old, he would not be a captive candidate or a captive politician. He would talk with conservatives, liberals, socialists, libertarians, blacks, gays, women, and activist agitators of all stripes. To each he promised not what he would give, but more cleverly, what he would not give away: He would not give away the right to decent health care, he would not permit the nation to become enslaved to foreign powers for heat and fuel, he would not subject us to undue risks from nuclear power nor endanger our clean air and water; he would not allow the public to be fleeced by wily manufacturers, he would not shackle vital industries with mounds of regulatory paper. It was a campaign of purification in the wake of Watergate and Vietnam. As unifier of the people he would cleanse the countryside and return us to the moral certainties longed for and recalled in that nostalgic vision of the quaint family farm whence he had come (no matter that that farm included over two thousand acres in two Georgia counties).

He told us big lies, small lies, bold lies, and devious lies.

Instead, however, his aggressive negation of his vows to protect each of his audiences from the other has led him to arrogate increasing quantities of power to himself, to deny Congress any role in policy making (as he did at the beginning), to deny even his expert advisers any consistent role in his administration, and, as his new campaign rolls along, to avoid exposing himself to public debate in which his varied constituencies might examine what in fact he has done and not done. To that extent he has made himself even more distant than Richard Nixon was from the real business of politics, avoiding even the semblance of a consistent program, instead handling each issue as it arises, case by case, and winning approval by arguing that in the atmosphere of crisis he alone can avert catastrophe. Born-again redeemer that he is, what else should we expect?

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And what of the redeemer's performance? Did he lie to us? Even a quick glance at the record shows that the question should really be, how many times did he lie to us? And the answer is, early and often. He told us big lies, small lies, bold lies, devious lies, white lies, and black lies. The lies are there for anyone to see, on miles of videotape and reams of newspaper copy. Jimmy Carter lied.

In the course of the 1976 presidential campaign, Carter wrote a letter to the governors of the gas-producing states of Oklahoma and Texas in which he said, "I will work with the Congress, as the Ford administration has been unable to do, to deregulate new natural gas."

That was his decontrol position during the election campaign. But not content with just a single stance, Carter adopted two more: In April of 1977 he called for continued price controls as part of his comprehensive energy package and denounced quick deregulation, and in March of 1978 he called for phased, gradual change—change, as he saw it, in the direction of decontrol.

John Anderson and other Carter critics said this was no decontrol at all. "It is an irony as tragic as it is ridiculous that a natural gas bill being touted in some quarters as a step toward deregulation will, in fact, require at least 800 more regulators to be implemented and enforced," Anderson said, adding that it was "not surprising that the administration labels things in this upside-down way" in view of Carter's embarrassing 1976 promises. Anderson detected Carter's ploy: verbal razzle-dazzle rather than actual decontrol—"the hope is that words will speak louder than action."

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In another area of energy policy Carter turned his campaign position completely topsy-turvy. He opposed federal subsidy of synthetic-fuels production, he said, because it would divert capital from useful energy production and further raise prices. Before the end of his first year in office, Carter was talking about giving priority to synthetic-fuels development. In early March this year, Congress approved a Carter plan to spend $20 billion to establish a Synthetic Fuels Corporation, which would seek the most promising means of producing synfuels.

Carter promised to cut billions from the defense budget.

It's the same story on public transportation. Carter declared in his first campaign: "We need a national comprehensive transportation policy and it is obvious that the savings in fuel, operating, and pollution costs from intensive use of railroads should provide them with a competitive advantage over other forms of transportation." Yet in the spring of 1979 his administration announced plans to discontinue 42 percent of the routes on Amtrak, the national passenger-railroad corporation—despite the fact that patronage on almost all Amtrak routes had doubled and in some cases tripled during the previous year.

LIBERAL PROPONENTS OF A NATIONAL HEALTH care system were also among the most deeply stung.

"We must make quality health care available to all our citizens on a regular basis and at a cost they can afford," said Carter in January 1976. "National health insurance must be a part of this program, but it will not begin to solve all of our problems unless we first carry out the fundamental reorganization and restructuring of our basic health care delivery system." That statement augured a grand day for most social welfare advocates, who saw it as proof positive that Carter really was a New Dealer at heart. Except that he refused steadfastly to say how such a scheme would be implemented or financed. After less than two months, in a television interview, he asserted his right not to be specific, explaining that he would "like to reserve the right to decide later on when I have more time to study it." And as a gesture to private doctors and private insurers he added, "I would like to reserve the right to include the private sector, say Blue Cross and Blue Shield, as a copartner with the federal government in the administration of a national health insurance program." Just before the Democratic convention he reiterated, "On welfare reform, national health insurance, etc., I intend to be ready to go with that the first of the year."

The year 1977 came and went without a peep from Carter about national health insurance, although just before Christmas the *Washington Post* reported that then HEW Secretary Joseph Califano "took a tentative crack at withdrawing Carter's campaign pledge." Not too surprisingly, the United Auto Workers, long the most vocal backer of a national health plan, blew a gasket. One UAW official threatened "to break relations with the White House" and complained that he could not "depend on them [the White House] to keep their word." In June 1979 a plan was born, but the promised comprehensiveness had somehow been omitted. (Remember the "comprehensive" Middle East peace plan and "comprehensive" tax reform Carter also promised.) Instead the old Medicare and welfare benefits were pieced together with a catastrophic-care provision. And even that plan seemed unlikely to make it through Congress as the President found better projects for his key lobbyists to work on.

Then there were drugs—marijuana, to be precise.

Possession of marijuana in small quantities for personal use should not be a criminal offense, Carter said. At last not only a President whose son smoked so much dope that the Secret Service refused to enter his house (Jack Ford was known to partake, Tricia Nixon was not, the LBJs were high on something else, and the Kennedy progeny seem to prefer harder stuff), but one who dared to cross the narcs in public. To his credit Carter's 1977 congressional "drug message" did call for decriminalizing pot, but no legislative plan for implementing the idea ever surfaced. Worse, he and his liberal drug adviser Peter Bourne capitulated to the narcs at the Drug Enforcement Administration and pursued the now infamous Paraquat program whereby prime Mexican dope fields were sprayed with that dangerous chemical. Once Bourne was forced to resign for having written a phony Quaalude prescription and snorting coke at a semipublic party, marijuana reform went up in an invisible puff. Quietly, expertly, DEA Director Peter Bensinger announced that his boys were now making policy and nothing like decriminalization would smudge their agenda. As one of the President's former speech writers said, "Drugs are not a good issue for Democrats."

Finally there is that most sensitive of all matters, foreign policy, and its concomitant, the runaway balance of military terror. Nowhere was Carter's much-vaunted morality more widely touted than in his approach to foreign affairs, an approach keynoted by a pious dedication to the cause of human rights. Shedding the grim expediency of *Realpolitik*, America would revert to its earlier role as the world's beacon of hope, its champion of decency.

Relighting that beacon required putting an end to the previous two decades of covert CIA skulduggery, or, in the words of the candidate himself, lifting "the veils of secrecy" in Washington and bringing serious reform to the agency. Once Congress began hearings on drawing up a new CIA charter, however, Carter reverted to his usual preference for reserving most rights and powers to himself. To wit, congressional intelligence committees assumed any new charter would preserve the current law requiring that specified legislators be given "prior notice" of any covert or significant intelligence activities. Carter, joined by the intelligence agencies, now refused to go along with that provision, dismissing committee arguments as "juvenile and groundless."

Even in 1976, of course, some skeptics wondered how long a "moral" foreign policy would last when Carter's chief mentor was Zbigniew Brzezinski, a man who could make Henry Kissinger look like a peacenik. In response the White House team denied that Brzezinski would play a large role in the presidency. For example, Hamilton Jordan, Carter's closest political confidante, said flatly: "If, after the inauguration, you find a Cy Vance as secretary of state and Zbigniew Brzezinski as head of national security, then I would say we failed. And I'd quit. But that's not going to happen. You're going to see new faces, new ideas. The government is going to be run by people you have never heard of."

Hamilton Jordan did not quit, even though the only truly new face at the State Department was the one-time integra-

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tionist newspaper publisher, Hodding Carter III, who has become a slightly classier version of Ron Nessen. And the virtuous new leadership has brought the United States closer to the big bang of themonuclear extinction than has any administration, Republican or Democrat, in thirty years.

Among Carter's initial foreign policy statements was a commitment to withdraw both U.S. ground troops and American nuclear weapons from South Korea. At first Carter seemed intent on keeping that promise, over the objections of the Pentagon and its partisans in the Congress. Carter issued his order for phased withdrawal in the spring of 1977, but as the summer wore on, his timetable began to change. Postponements were announced, and in early 1979 further withdrawals were placed "in abeyance" pending new intelligence studies. By mid-July 1979, security adviser Brzezinski had won an important back-room battle and was able to announce that no more troops would be removed before 1981. Total combat troops withdrawn as a result of Carter's original promise: 674 men—more than offset by the provision of twelve new Air Force F-4 fighter-bombers and the 900 men sent to operate them. Meanwhile the matter of nuclear weapons was quietly removed from the agenda.

Carter's fascination with Armageddon did not fully surface until his third year in office, the year in which moral authority clashed head-on with superpower strategy and the lust for oil. That, of course, was the year of Iran, and the last year in which anyone in the administration dared claim that U.S. foreign policy had human rights as its cornerstone. The shah, who murdered somewhere between fifty thousand and one hundred thousand of his political opponents and tortured thousands more, was almost deified by the Carter people during his final days on the Peacock Throne. As for the rest, the hapless hostages in Tehran may recall with a certain discomfort how in late 1975 candidate Carter promised never to support any nation whose leadership stood for "principles with which their people violently disagree." But Iran has been a focal point for more mendacity in Carter's foreign and military policy. Despite his oft-repeated promises to cut back on the deadly business of international arms sales, Carter continued to pour planes and ammunition into the royal arsenal almost until the day the shah was deposed. Despite its relatively small population and size, Iran had become one of the most heavily armed nations in the world.

EVEN AS THE CANNONS WERE LEAVING U.S. docks for almost every corner of the earth, Carter continued his campaign of rhetoric for human rights and arms cutbacks. Future arms sales, he said in May 1977, would be "an exceptional policy implement, to be used only in instances where it can be clearly demonstrated that the transfer contributes to our national security interests." Yet at exactly the same time his speech writers were feeding him these lines, Carter was feverishly pursuing more arms sales agreements. As defense analysts Nicole Ball and Milton Leitenberg demonstrated, "the administration sent 45 arms sale notifications to the Congress in transactions involving 18 countries and totaling $4.1 billion" at the same time as the May announcement. By early this year, the initial rhetoric seemed to have disappeared almost entirely, and the administration announced it would support development of a new jet fighter plane to be used only for export. Export where? Certainly not to France or England, which have their own plus the best of NATO's; more likely to such citadels of human rights and democratic expression as Taiwan, South Korea, Thailand, Pakistan, and Turkey.

Just as candidate Carter vowed to cut arms sales abroad, so too did he make the even grander promise to cut between $5 billion and $7 billion from the "bloated" defense budget. At first Carter tried to rewrite his old lines, explaining after his first year that his defense budget was $5 billion to $7 billion below what Jerry Ford would have set. That effort at mollifying his critics was so anemic that by 1979 Carter simply abandoned his original pledge and began shopping for a new constituency on defense spending policy. Thus in the midst of the fortuitous—politically speaking—Iranian crisis his staff began to speak proudly about the "three percent real growth in defense spending,"—reversing a decline in defense commitments during the decade. After the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, the peanut farmer went whole hog in pursuit of missile bucks and pledged to hike military spending by "more than 4.5 percent a year" after inflation for the next five years. His ultimate target: more than $200 billion a year for the boys with the brass. It's the sort of missile lust that Richard Nixon never had in even his darkest moments. And that's not all. Carter's embrace of "counterforce" strategy in deploying the new MX, the missile on a trolley, is the sort of thing that scared off even Nixon's top hawk, Melvin Laird, eight years ago. Said he: to "develop a weapon system whose deployment could reasonably be construed by the Soviets as having a first-strike capability . . . might provide an incentive to the Soviets to strike first."

Dare one recall that this is the same Jimmy Carter who wrote in his autobiography: "The biggest waste and danger of all is the unnecessary proliferation of atomic weapons throughout the world. Our ultimate goal should be the elimination of nuclear weapon capability among all nations"? Now we must worry that this most moral of presidents may one day fulfill his sacred promise, forever eliminating the proliferation of nuclear weapons by forever eliminating all those nations that produce them.

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The Continuing Calamity of El Salvador

The citizens are caught in a merciless crossfire between left and right. And by providing arms and military advice, the United States seems intent on making the situation worse.

By Anne Nelson

HAD OFFICIAL WASHington been looking, it might have found the signs of the coming civil war in El Salvador in the Hispanic neighborhoods a few miles north of the White House. Of the area's 20,000 or so Salvadoreans, most were members of the landless rural poor who, afflicted with their country's special brand of economic hopelessness, came to the capital of the United States to find menial labor. But Washington has also been haven and audience for El Salvador's politically dispossessed. For years they have come in a long dreary string—professors, priests, businessmen, labor leaders—first to plead and harangue a city already hardened to generations of exiles, then to seek refuge from the persecution they've aroused. Finally they settle in to dull little jobs in the international bureaucracy that mark time and pay the rent, but have nothing to do with burning injustices remembered, and continued, at home.

El Salvador: The smallest and most densely populated country in Central America, with an embarrassingly wealthy and tiny elite and grinding poverty for everyone else. Known for its exports of coffee and cotton, it is the sort of place Washington has always laughingly dismissed as a "banana republic" and ignored as long as it didn't try to nationalize anything. About a year ago that began to change. Even before the civil war in Nicaragua had run its long and bloody course, word had it that El Salvador would be next, and that its struggle would be even longer and bloodier. Last October 15 a coup overthrew the figurehead leader of the military government, Carlos Humberto Romero, but it became increasingly clear that the junta that replaced him could not hold the country together. The junta itself, a political makeshift composed of quarreling factions, fell apart in January, only to be hastily reassembled as the last hope for an official peace.

But it has been a horrible peace. Although the ruling junta includes representatives from the country's armed services, it does not control the paramilitary organizations. Under the old regime these groups enjoyed semiofficial status and close links with the regular armed services, which they greatly outnumbered. Their style, however, was and is sanctioned terrorism: threats and tortures without legal recourse for the victims, mangled bodies discovered at the roadside with no possibility of explanation or redress for their kin. Although ORDEN, perhaps the cruelest and decidedly the largest of these groups—with its 50,000 to 100,000 members—was officially dissolved by the new government, its founder publicly boasted that the organization was merely undergoing a name change. The violent left has responded with kidnappings, building occupations, and vengeance killings. The Salvadoran Catholic Church has estimated that, as a consequence of El Salvador's first three months of "peaceful transition" in 1980, more than a thousand people have died as a result of political violence. This is ten times the number of victims in the last year of Romero's administration.

In the last week of March this violence reached a new and obscene height. On March 24 the country's archbishop, Oscar Arnulfo Romero, was assassinated in a hospital chapel while conducting a funeral mass. Romero's homily had called for an end to the right-wing repression, and a month earlier he had made headlines in the United States by warning Washington not to send military aid. "The contribution of your government," he wrote to Carter, "instead of favoring greater justice and peace in El Salvador, undoubtedly will sharpen the repression." In return, the archbishop received a letter from Secretary of State Vance assuring him that the United States intended to contribute *peaceful* military equipment—jeeps, walkie-talkies, tear gas, and masks—which could only "enhance human rights in El Salvador." The supreme irony of the archbishop's death may be its eventual use by the United States as justification for the kind of armament the prelate feared most: It is now becoming clear that the Carter administration feels that the best way to secure peace and prop up the staggering Salvadoran junta is through the classical American solution of sending arms.

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Somehow it all has a familiar, homey sound to it: a U.S.-recruited and -supported centrist government, designed to hold the communists at bay but lacking popular support of its own; U.S. arms and military training; and a regional domino theory to heighten the suspense. The administration has been stung in the recent past with what are perceived as setbacks in Afghanistan, Iran, and Nicaragua, in many respects paying dearly for the sins of previous administrations. The case of Nicaragua has been especially haunting for those stumbling through the formulation of a policy for El Salvador, and many of their efforts have been devoted to avoiding a repeat of mistakes made there. But the provision of arms will make a political solution even less likely than it now seems, and it could easily pave the way for more serious forms of intervention.

"The United States government is saying, 'We can't allow another Nicaragua,'" a Salvadorean warned an audience in Washington last month. "But we in El Salvador say to the United States that you must allow another Nicaragua, or you will have another Vietnam."

In the past few weeks the United States has been rushing through the necessary government channels a $50 million aid package for El Salvador of which roughly 10 percent is for military aid and training. For once, the White House, the National Security Council, the Department of State, and Congress appear to be acting in concert, and they have been under heavy pressure from the Pentagon and the intelligence community to forget partisan haggling and budget restraints on this issue.

El Salvador serves as a bogeyman for everyone. For the liberals, it is the gruesome body of human rights violations committed by the paramilitary organizations at the instigation of the Salvadoran oligarchy, and the possibility of right-wing military forces being drawn in from Guatemala and Honduras in their aid. For the conservatives, it is the specter of Cuba once again, a paranoia that has been unscrupulously fed by State Department testimony that Cuba is providing men and arms to the Salvadoran left, even though the State Department itself is sharply divided internally as to the credibility of these charges. Almost two years ago the sides drawn up over the case of Nicaragua were the same, with the Brzezinski foreign policy faction and the congressional conservatives pushing for a hard-line approach, and the human rights contingent at State and the liberals in Congress pressing to oust Somoza as quickly and peacefully as possible.

In hindsight, the Carter administration is keenly aware of the golden solution that it bypassed in Nicaragua. In 1978 a group known as the Twelve formed to represent a broad coalition of anti-Somoza interests ranging from militant Marxists to moderate businessmen. The administration now believes that had it eased Somoza out and encouraged the installation of a government made up of the Twelve, a full year of warfare and tens of thousands of deaths could have been averted, as well as the eventual takeover by the Sandinista left. The administration threw away its chances of facilitating this transition by insisting up to the last moment that the Twelve renounce the Sandinistas, who by that time had won considerable popular support.

If we don't want El Salvador to be another Vietnam, we may have to accept it as another Nicaragua.

IF THE UNITED STATES has been guilty of any glaring miscalculation so far in El Salvador, it has been that of equating the situation with that of Nicaragua two years ago. Undersecretary of State John Bushnell has defined the country's political makeup as consisting of a tiny extremist left and a tiny extremist right, with a large and somewhat apolitical center represented by the junta and the Christian Democratic party in between. The current U.S. policy would be much easier to defend if this were true.

Unfortunately, compared to El Salvador, the politics of Nicaragua's revolution were relatively simple and palatable, easy for even a gringo to understand. The Somoza dynasty was loathed by the entire country because it closely guarded its absolute power, and because it was installed and maintained for decades through a foreign power—namely, the United States. The Sandinista revolution could be described as democratic and nationalist from its inception in the 1920s up to the present, and as such, it could unite diverse ideologies.

In El Salvador, however, political and economic repression cannot be pegged to one man, as the flight of General Romero in October proved. The wealth of the country is concentrated in the hands of a few landowners and industrialists, many of them descended from the Spanish colonial hierarchy, and more than half of the country's population lives in depressed rural areas, earning the equivalent of two to four dollars a day.

In 1932 El Salvador experienced the first communist revolution in the hemisphere; known as the Matanza, it was the first peasant-instigated communist revolt in the world. Led by Farabundo Martí (who fought alongside Sandino in Nicaragua until he was dismissed for insubordination), the Matanza was one of the bloodiest revolts in history: Once the oligarchy marshaled military support to put it down, no mercy was shown. More than 30,000 peasants were put to death, and the oligarchy set about consolidating its power through a perpetual military reign. The entrenched ruling class, actually numbering several hundred, came to be known as "the fourteen families" after an article in *Time* magazine on Salvadoran millionaires.

The power of the Salvadoran elite, with the support of the small mercantile and technical classes and its utter control of the military, went virtually unchallenged until the late sixties and early seventies. At that point the Christian Democrats began to make inroads in El Salvador, under José Napoleon Duarte, as they had done in Chile under Eduardo Frei and in Venezuela under Rafael Caldèra. Duarte and his party presented a modest plan for land reform in El Salvador in 1969 that inspired a new interest in political activity throughout the countryside. Duarte was elected mayor of the capital, and then, in 1972, president.

The possibility that Duarte might try to implement his party's land reform program was too much for the oligarchy to stomach, and the military was dispatched to accuse Duarte of leading a military coup—supposedly after he'd won the election. Duarte was arrested, and then expelled. During his years of exile the Christian Democrats lost much of their membership and most of their credibility as the party that could break the oligarchy's hold on the country. "Popular organizations" began to form in the countryside, pressing for reforms,

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offering political education, and organizing protests. By the early seventies they were joined by reformist wings of the Catholic church, attempting to realize the principles of the "theology of liberation." In 1977 the leftist organizations and the liberal clergy won an important ally in the person of Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero. Romero was regarded as a political and theological conservative at the time he became archbishop. But shortly thereafter, Father Rutilio Grande, a well-known and well-liked Jesuit priest, was assassinated by a paramilitary unit; this had a profound and radicalizing affect on the archbishop.

Shortly before the Carter administration took office in 1977, the Christian Democrats were defrauded of yet another election. The country, undergoing rapid polarization, was further unsettled by the revolution beginning in Nicaragua. Later that year El Salvador joined Argentina and Guatemala in refusing U.S. military aid in order to protest Carter's human rights policy, and relations between Washington and San Salvador grew increasingly strained until the coup of October 15, 1979, that overthrew Carlos Humberto Romero.

Although the State Department denies any kind of complicity in the October 15 coup, the U.S. embassy in San Salvador was in constant consultation with a number of opposition groups, including the young and supposedly progressive military officers who engineered the coup. As one government source carefully put it, "We didn't *dis*courage them," and, upon reviewing the junta's plans for reforms, he acknowledged, "We liked what we saw." Once the United States had bestowed its blessing, there were a number of attempts to assure the junta's survival. International Development Bank loans that had been blackballed by the United States for years were suddenly available, as was $5.7 million in military assistance credits left over from 1975.

The military officers and the slate of civilians who made up the junta knew they had to convince the left of their good faith in announcing reforms and persuade the right that the changes were inevitable. At the outset the reforms appeared modest enough, more of an effort to end the repressions of the previous government than to effect any kind of widespread social or economic change. The early promises were to free political prisoners and to account for some two thousand "disappeared" (most of whom were in fact dead); to dissolve ORDEN and the other paramilitary groups and remove the hard-core right-wing elements from leadership positions, bringing proven assassins among them to justice.

Troops sent to help with 'land reforms' are destroying hamlets and slaughtering peasants.

The junta might have been able to put these remedial reforms into effect had it truly controlled the country. By January it was clear that it did not. The paramilitary organizations stepped up their violence in the countryside; the junta helplessly replied that the "isolated actions of certain officers" were not under the control of the government. On January 3 the civilian leadership of the junta, which had been drawn from a wide range of political and economic interests, resigned in frustration and protest over the bloodshed. With the other parties boycotting participation in the government, the Christian Democrats were resuscitated to fill the breach, although after a month of active recruitment the junta still had no secretary of agriculture or minister of economic planning.

THE POPULAR ORGANIzations took the shape of three major groups—the Bloque Popular Revolucionario, the Frente de Acción Popular Unificada, and the Ligas Populares 28 de Febrero—each with a related underground organization. All of them engage in various levels of civil disobedience, and all have been subject to unimaginable repression on the part of the paramilitary organizations. Since January these three, along with some social democratic and Christian Democratic elements, have been working together, and the late archbishop was linked with them.

In early March the government, responding to pressure from Washington, announced plans to expropriate some two million acres of farmland, initially affecting only the estates of 1250 acres or more, and to give the government controlling interest in all privately owned banks. This policy, which Washington had recommended in the hope of placating the left without incensing the right, immediately failed on both counts. Salvadoran businessmen at once flew to Guatemala to publicly lambast both the prospective reforms and the American role in their formulation; the left maintained a wait-and-see attitude. The early reports were dismaying. In a mockery of its proclaimed intent, the land reform program was effectively taken over by the paramilitary organizations, primarily ORDEN. The first stage of the "reforms" was to forcibly evict squatters from the holdings of absentee landlords. The next step was to divide the estates into 250-acre plots and distribute them among the rural supporters of the paramilitary groups.

If the early stages were a mockery, the next were a nightmare. We do not know exactly what has been going on in the countryside in the name of agrarian reform because the government has instituted heavy news censorship within El Salvador, forbidding the publication of "reports on political violence or leftist propaganda." But refugees have reported that, in the words of UPI reporter Demetrio Olasiregui, "Government troops sent . . . to help carry out new land reforms have slaughtered peasants and destroyed hamlets in a purge of leftists." Olasiregui himself was kidnapped at gunpoint by right-wing forces and evicted from the country the day after his account ran on the wires, but his story has been confirmed by other eyewitnesses, and the brutality they describe is blood-curdling. The paramilitary organizations have embarked on a campaign of orchestrated terror. Among the atrocities they practice are cutting the faces of their victims and raping mothers in front of their children. They go out to the countryside equipped with lists of those suspected of participation in leftist organizations and exterminate all possible opposition. News of these acts has filtered out of the country, but no one inside or outside El Salvador knows how widespread the atrocities are.

Beside these grim tales, El Salvador's economic troubles pale in significance. Nevertheless, the junta must try to deal with the economy. The near state of siege has had disastrous effects. The violence in the countryside seriously threatens both the country's food supply and its agricultural exports, which account for more than two-thirds of its total exports. Foreign capital has been

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leaving the country at a tremendous rate over the past few years. U.S. capital has long been scarce, and the Japanese and British capital that was a key factor in the country's respectable 5 percent growth rate over the past two decades is now nearly exhausted. Commercial credit has withered up, and the present growth rate is zero.

Although more than half the country's population lives in the countryside, most of the acreage is concentrated in the hands of a few feudal landowners whose holdings are devoted to export crops, primarily cotton and coffee; smaller farms, equivalent to oversized gardens, yield the country's own food supply. The flight of the country's small managerial and technical classes has left management of the large farms, expropriated or not, in disarray. Some 10 percent of the country's cotton crop has been burned by terrorists of unknown affiliation. A famine is unlikely (the government still has ample grain reserves), but luxury items and foodstuffs previously available to the middle class have been in short supply. This is partly due to the government's moves to limit the importation of goods in a desperate attempt to salvage something of the country's foreign exchange. Meat and milk, which were always beyond the means of the majority of Salvadoreans, are now unavailable to the middle classes as well, and luxury imports require a government deposit of two to three times their value.

The United States is trying to prop up the junta economically by extending some $50 million in emergency aid and channeling other money into the country through international development banks. One measure of the U.S. commitment to the junta is the fact that the $50 million in emergency aid sailed through Congress with virtually no opposition, at a time when other parts of the foreign aid bill were being cut.

But a real question remains as to how much help any infusion of aid could be. "What you have there now is a total anarchy," one Salvadorean summarized in Washington recently, "an anarchy in which the government is not administering the country on a practical basis. They're trying to make some changes, but they can't make them; the changes are neither permitted by the right nor accepted by the left. The United States talks about sending its millions, but when you consider the needs of the country, $50 million is a drop of water in the sea. It wouldn't even begin to make a change in the situation."

The State Department has requested a total of more than $10 million to be made available to the Salvadoreans in military assistance, including foreign military sales credits, military training grants, and the reprogramming of aid originally designated for other countries. The United States has staunchly maintained that these funds will be channeled toward "peace-keeping military equipment"—described by one U.S. embassy official as "clean"—but among the Salvadoreans the fear persists that given the weaknesses and ineffectuality of the current junta, the equipment is likely to fall into the hands of right-wing military elements. Despite the halt in U.S. government sales from 1977 to 1979, there has been a steady flow of arms into the country, much of it from Guatemala.

SO FAR THE ONLY DIrect arms sale the junta has publicly requested has been a $200,000 sale of tear gas, gas masks, and protective vests last November; some maintain that further U.S. transactions with the junta would be the kiss of death. Around the same time as the tear gas sales, a six-man military training team was sent to El Salvador from Washington, and part of the military assistance funds now requested would be earmarked for a series of mobile training teams. The State Department is quick to distinguish between advisers and training teams; the former, they tell us, go out on mission with their pupils, and the latter hold classes.

The State Department wants to give the Salvadoran junta millions in 'clean' military aid.

The training conducted by these new units would supposedly include logistics, communications, and intelligence techniques. Many Salvadoreans, however, doubt that this aid has a truly humanitarian character, pointing to the current training team's concentration on riot control tactics and the use of modern American police equipment. "They are saying that giving a Salvadoran national guardsman tear gas and a bulletproof vest will make him less likely to panic and shoot someone unnecessarily," one commented recently. "But they are under orders to kill. The American equipment will just make them feel safer as they shoot." And should open warfare break out, neighboring Central American states may well be drawn in, with or without the tacit agreement of the United States, which could easily find such actions "unacceptable" while continuing to aid and support governments that engage in them. Since the fall of Somoza, El Salvador has been the buffer in Central America between Panama, Costa Rica, and Nicaragua in the south, and the right-wing states, Guatemala and Honduras, in the north.

Guatemala has massed some twenty thousand regular army troops along El Salvador's border, and one U.S. spokesman describes the relations between the Guatemalan military and Salvadoran paramilitary groups as "close ties [which] operate openly and freely at mid-levels and probably the highest levels of both the government and the military." Honduras has also expressed a willingness to intervene in El Salvador. The three countries together—Guatemala, Honduras, and El Salvador—contain seven or eight thousand exiled members of Somoza's national guard, many of them eager to reenter military service as mercenaries.

As the rumors of war quickened in El Salvador in the past months, the line between peace and war blurred beyond distinction. The country is left with precious few options. "The only possibility of avoiding a war," said one exiled priest in March, "would be for the young military officers in the junta to try to unite with the popular organizations. And that," the priest said advisedly, "would be a miracle."

Time is running out for the United States to review its own options. There is a joke making the rounds in San Salvador: The October 15 junta was turkey being fattened for Christmas; it was carved up on January 3. The present junta they say, is fish for Good Friday—and every day it lasts beyond that is a miracle in itself.

The only sensible and appropriate path for the United States to take would be to immediately stop all military aid of any kind to El Salvador and to exert strong pressure on neighboring countries in Central America to do the same. There seems to be no way to avert the continuation of the calamity that is El Salvador. But there is no need to foster it.❑

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THE BRETHREN: Inside the Supreme Court, by Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong. Simon & Schuster, 467 pp., $13.95.

Has the Supreme Court a right to privacy?

NAT HENTOFF

*IN ONE OF MANY DISDAIN*ful dismissals of this first hugely popular book on the Supreme Court, Anthony Lewis has noted in the *New York Review of Books* that since no corruption was found by these ardent muckrakers, *The Brethren* is a clear and shoddy illustration of what Earl Warren once called "exposure for exposure's sake." The implication is that the nation and the Court would have been far better served if Woodward and Armstrong had not chosen to try to bring this "lofty institution down to the unheroic level of all others in these inglorious times." After all, what did they find? No more than "that Supreme Court Justices are human in their faults and ambitions."

In her lead dissection in the *New York Times Book Review,* Renata Adler judged the book hollow and mocked these laymen (she is a journalist with a newly acquired law degree) for their inaccuracies, their bungling legal analysis, and for having disclosed "no important secrets" or "scandals" about the inner workings of the Court.

Like Anthony Lewis, Adler—and a good many other reviewers—scornfully attacked the authors for making all their sources anonymous. In *The Nation,* Aryeh Neier, former executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, ascribed errors he noted in the book to this massive use of faceless sources. But worse yet are "the moral implications of soliciting betrayals of confidences on matters such as those reported in *The Brethren.* . . . Funny, isn't it," Neier added, "that many journalists attach great significance to protecting the confidentiality of their sources but think nothing of getting their sources to violate other people's confidences."

I would only note, as a journalist, that the primary reason we use confidential sources is in the knowledge that they *will* betray information that has been hidden, one way or another, from the citizenry. And we maintain the confidentiality of our sources so they won't get fired—as the Supreme Court clerks questioned by Woodward and Armstrong surely would have been if their names had been listed on a page of credits in this book.

But this is the Supreme Court, not the local waterworks or board of education. In a speech printed on the front page of the *New York Law Journal,* a distinguished attorney, Arthur Liman, attacked *The Brethren* as "the greatest assault in the history of the bar on [the] tradition of [lawyers'] confidentiality, and a threat to the deliberative processes of our courts. I refer, of course, to the wholesale disclosure by law clerks of the secrets of Supreme Court Justices' chambers."

Throughout the country, a sizable number of law professors have shared Liman's outrage. How would the justices ever again—or at least for some years to come—be able to engage in the wholly open exchange of views that is possible, in judicial matters, only when absolute secrecy is guaranteed? On the other hand, these are not cases at trial before juries, when "leaks" from chambers could prejudice other stages in the appellate process. At this ultimate level, fundamental principles of constitutional law are being decided that will affect not only the person whose name is on the case but thousands, maybe millions, more.

I will acknowledge that if I were a justice, I would not want my clerks circulating my preliminary drafts, intra-Court notes, or recollections of my characterizations of the other justices. But as a citizen, I can hardly censure Woodward and Armstrong for letting me know—for the first time, in any extensive sense—how decisions are reached on the High Court.

THERE ARE, TO BE SURE, inaccuracies in the book, but few are of any weight. And the authors' legal analysis does show, as I later confirmed in a conversation with them, that they lack, to say the least, a profound understanding of the history and continuing dynamics of constitutional law. But they are lucid reporters of the interrelationships among the justices during the terms of 1969 through 1975, as well as of the basic facts of the cases that reached the Court in that period.

These are not cases at trial, where 'leaks' could prejudice later appellate proceedings.

And not even the most negative reviews of *The Brethren* have been able to successfully question the credibility of the book's foundation. The clerks did more than tell tales about the icons: They made available to Armstrong and Woodward "internal memoranda between Justices, letters, notes taken at

NAT HENTOFF writes a monthly column on civil liberties for INQUIRY. His book The First Freedom: A Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America *has recently been published by Delacorte.*

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conference, case assignment sheets, diaries, unpublished drafts of opinions and, in several instances, drafts that were never circulated even to the other Justices."

Several lawyers who practice frequently before the Court told me (on the promise of confidentiality) that based on their experience and their sources on the inside, they have no doubt that *The Brethren* is basically accurate as to the convoluted processes of decision making. I asked them about the clerks' characterizations of the justices. "Sure," said one lawyer, "some of it is colored by a particular clerk's ideological views, let's say, or by how a justice treated him, but none of it is that far off. The important thing though is that you really get to know how these decisions come into being—the trading of votes for later cases, the worry about how the country is going to react, the compromises most of them make (although Douglas usually refused to)."

In agreement is Michael Meltsner, dean of Northeastern University Law School. Formerly a public-interest lawyer in New York, he has appeared before both the Burger and Warren courts, and wrote in *The Nation*: "Despite its failure to give the reader the perspective necessary to evaluate the evidence, lawyers who watch the Burger Court will be persuaded by Woodward and Armstrong's story."

Alan Dershowitz, a Harvard Law School professor and an active civil-liberties lawyer, applauded the book in the *Saturday Review* for shattering "a conspiracy of silence designed to keep the American people in the dark about internal dynamics of the High Court. . . . The Justices themselves have been the worst offenders. They have insisted on secrecy for secrecy's sake, and have not been selective about what is properly the business of the public and what may appropriately be kept from it. They have, in certain cases, refused to disclose some of the most important rules that governed their actions; at least one time they covered up unethical conduct by a member of their own bar [the story is in *The Brethren*]; and they have declined to make public the processes by which they decide cases."

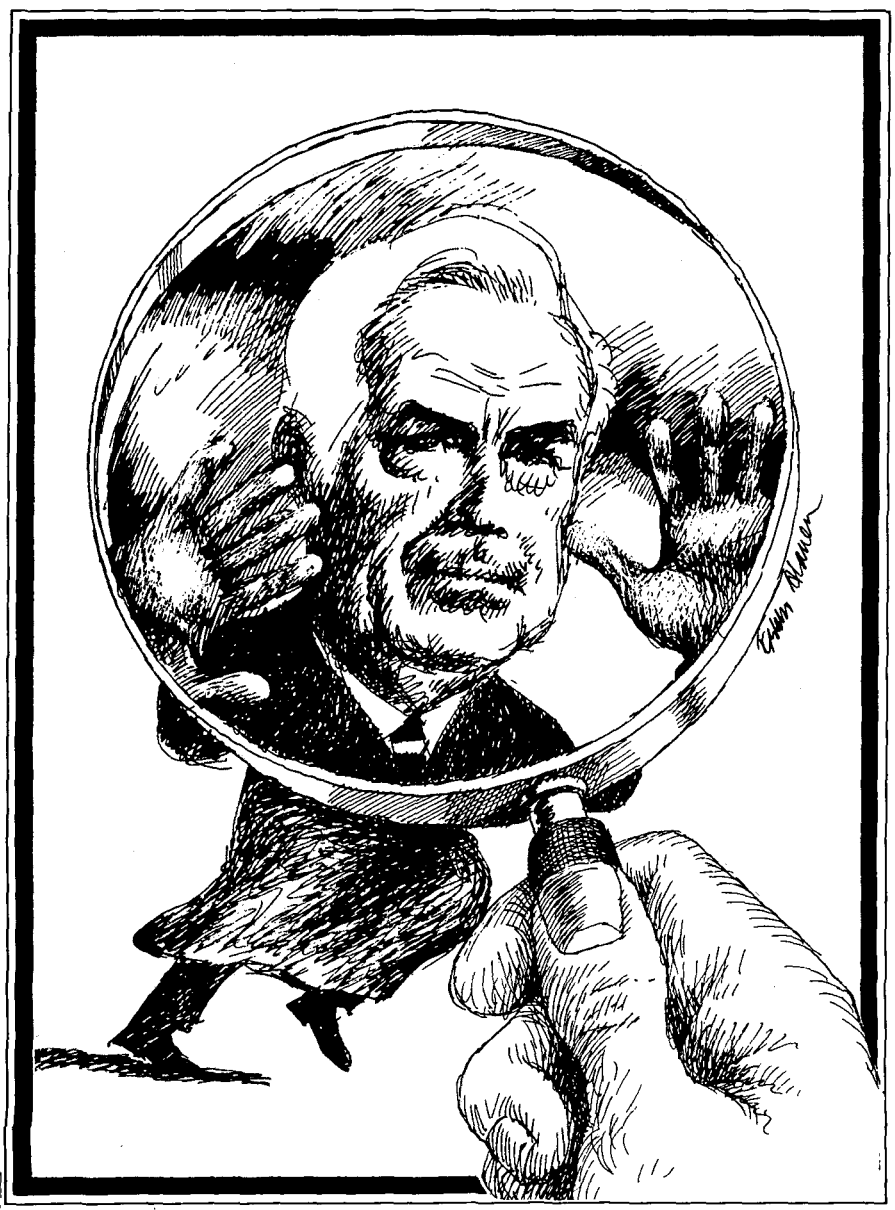
Woodward and Armstrong obviously took care with the epigraph for their book, hoping to prevent some of the invasion-of-privacy attacks they have received. But except for Dershowitz and a few others, most reviewers have ignored the epigraph: "A court which is final and unreviewable needs more careful scrutiny than any other. Unreviewable power is the most likely to self-indulge itself and the least likely to engage in dispassionate self-analysis. . . . In a country like ours, no public institution, or the people who operate it, can be above public debate."

That democratic credo was written on September 4, 1968, by Judge Warren E. Burger of the circuit court of appeals—nine months before he was named chief justice of the United States.

Anthony Lewis does attempt to deal with this question of "more careful scrutiny" by insisting that after all, the Court publishes all its decisions. We can all read how the justices arrived at their conclusions. And, Lewis concludes with a flourish, "The Court stands—or falls—on what it says in its printed opinions, not in its private discussion."

I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO imagine anyone other than Lewis, however, reading this book without deciding early on that those printed opinions can be quite misleading. Not in terms of what they *say*, but with regard to the hidden politicking that produced them—which can well lead a justice to take otherwise surprising half-turns and even full turns a year or more down the line in a related case. (See the sections dealing with school desegregation, abortion, the death penalty, obscenity, and the Fourth Amendment "exclusionary rule" concerning evidence obtained illegally by law-enforcement officers.)

While Chief Justice Burger, for instance, has been in the majority on several major school desegregation cases, judging by his preliminary drafts and his remarks at the justices' conferences that are published here, those decisions do not reflect his true views. Burger will sometimes join the majority on these



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and other cases only so that he, as the highest ranking justice in the majority, can select the writer of the opinion and thereby water it down. Or he will sometimes leave the minority, where he really yearns to be, if it is so small that his "image" as leader of the Court will be weakened in the nation at large.

Also, for anyone curious as to where Potter Stewart may come out on a number of issues, his already printed opinions will give far fewer clues than his unpublished drafts and memoranda during the vote-trading in those very cases. The same would appear to be true of most of the others, even William Brennan.

What of principle in all this bargaining over constitutional law? Well, according to *The Brethren,* John Paul Stevens, by the end of his first term, had become "accustomed to watching his colleagues make pragmatic rather than principled decisions—shading the facts, twisting the law, warping logic to reconcile the unreconcilable. Though it was not at all what he had anticipated, it was the reality. What Stevens could not accept, however, was the absence of real deliberation."

Reporting on the Court—in the printed press or on television—is confused and fragmented.

But this book, despite its reputation as a harsh "exposure" of the Court, does not bear out Stevens's conclusions. Actually, as Anthony Lewis has pointed out, though the nimbuses are now gone, "On the whole the justices appear as serious, committed men—imperfect, inevitably unequal to their extraordinary legal-political function, but struggling, careful, never cynical."

Some of them do twist the law—notably William Rehnquist—and some are less intensely involved in the issues than others. But most of "the brethren," even with the curtains drawn aside, merit a measure of respect, if not adulation, although there is a grave question as to whether they possess the analytical intelligence and exceptional integrity that the job requires. (Actually, only the Chief, the Cowardly Lion of the book, does not.)

As Lewis and Adler, among others, have emphasized, there are indeed no scandals, no corruption, in *The Brethren.* Then why do they suppose it is one of the fastest selling books in the history of Simon and Schuster? The gossip factor? How titillating can gossip be about nine elderly men, five of them over seventy? Even the gossip that has to do with character is not likely to have mass appeal when the context is how this play of temperaments affects the way these men interpret the First, Fourth, and other amendments rather than their lives away from the Court.

COULD IT BE THAT THE Brethren is selling so well because more citizens than most law professors and judges ever thought possible are really intrigued by how the Constitution works? Virtually all of these pages deal with deliberations—and internal lobbying—about actual cases, many of them quite complex. Because Woodward and Armstrong know how to construct a swift narrative line, even the most difficult cases take on dramatic form, and legitimately so. There's practically no hype. More than half a million readers would appear to be sufficiently curious about serious matters to enjoy *The Brethren* even though venality and Watergate-style skulduggery are entirely absent.

A further question the book raises, therefore, is where these readers are going to continue to find illuminating material on the Court. Each term, there are a number of cases of absorbing interest—from police procedures to libel to yet another attempt to define "obscenity." But reporting on the Court, in the printed press or on television, is brief, fragmented, and confused because of the rush to make daily deadlines. Only most infrequently is a case followed in detail and perspective on its way to the Court. Rarely can the public develop enough knowledge to get involved in a case as an ongoing story. Furthermore, when a case is decided, it's a one-day item, skimpily explained. Or distorted, as in the newspaper headlines BAKKE WINS, to announce that pivotal affirmative action ruling. The deciding vote was that of Lewis Powell, who actually held that race *can* be a factor in graduate school admissions—not quite what Bakke had asserted.

One way to begin to deal intelligently with the popular interest in the High Court shown by *The Brethren*'s success is suggested by Bob Woodward: "There should be much more thematic coverage. Extensive pieces exploring a basic constitutional issue—abortion, school library censorship, police searches—by connecting cases already decided with those on the way up to the Court. This is important not only for the readers but for the Justices as well. They do read the papers. You have to remember that they're isolated." Or, as Mr. Justice Brennan put it in a speech at Rutgers University last October: "The Court has . . . a need for the press, because through the press the Court receives the tacit and accumulated experience of the Nation."

"It *is* possible," Woodward says, "to redirect their attention. While we were working on the book, we saw a lot of evidence that when careful, extensive newspaper accounts of a pending case were available, the Justices, or some of them, paid close attention to those pieces. Sure, *they* have to decide the constitutional issues, but they want to know what the perceptions are out there. These nine men are out on the edge, and they really don't want so vast a distance between them and the country. That's why it was a number of the Justices themselves who opened the door for us

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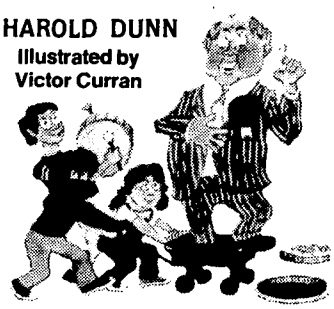

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in terms of the book, and then encouraged their clerks to talk to us. They want the actual work of the Court to be better known."

Since no justice is talking about *The Brethren*, there is no way of knowing whether they had in mind this particular method of getting the Court's actual work better known. In any case, no reporting in the entire history of the Court has so brightly revealed what does go on there.

But what of the widespread claim, especially among law professors, that this reduction of the Court to the level of the rest of us will greatly harm it, for the High Court will no longer be seen as a wholly sanctified institution?

"Truth," Alan Dershowitz answers, "has its own claims, especially in a democratic society. If an institution cannot survive disclosures about its internal dynamics, then serious questions are raised about the legitimacy of that institution—or at least of its current membership."

The Court will survive *The Brethren*. It might even be improved by the possibility that someone some day may do a second volume. ❑

SOVIET INTERVENTION IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA 1968: Anatomy of a Decision, by Jiří Valenta. Johns Hopkins University Press, 208 pp., $12.95.

How Moscow decides to invade

VLADIMIR V. KUSIN

*THE FIRST RULE OF COM*munism is that you don't let go of what you have. The second is that what you have you protect from infection. There are various ways of going about both. Fraternal assistance, sometimes given the name military intervention, is the *ultima ratio*. When the Czechoslovaks attempted to stage a peaceful transition from Communism to democratic socialism in 1968, Moscow put an end to the experiment.

In the present book, Jiří Valenta puts together bits and pieces of information about the attitudes and developments that went into the making of the Brezhnev Politburo's decision to intervene on the night of August 20, 1968. He then formulates a hypothesis about the Kremlin's decision-making process in general. This is an important book for historians, as well as for the politicians of today; with the military thrust into Afghanistan, it could not have come at a more opportune moment.

There are obvious differences between Czechoslovakia in 1968 and Afghanistan in 1979.

Not that it compares the two invasions. Valenta wrote long before the juggernaut set out across the Soviet-Afghan border. Neither should one work overtime trying to distill from the two invasions a model of Soviet decision making that would serve as some kind of obligatory master key to understanding Soviet foreign policy. Differences between Czechoslovakia in 1968 and Afghanistan in 1979 are obvious, despite certain similarities in rhetoric and other superficial coincidences. Nonetheless, the fact remains that twice within the less than sixteen years of its existence the Brezhnev regime has sent troops abroad to salvage a revolution it considered was going haywire. The motivations for such "fulfillment of internationalist duty" derive not only from momentary and unique situations, but also reveal rooted concepts—in terms of both ideology and power politics—that Soviet leaderships harbor as a matter of course. The processes that transform interventionist motivation into the reality of a Politburo decision are not just pragmatically tailored to each critical decision anew, but rather anchored in established Soviet practice. In identifying a methodical device ("a paradigm") which allows us to understand as best we can the Soviet decision to invade Czechoslovakia, Valenta has rendered a broader service to observers of the Kremlin's enigmatic ways.

Model-building is a tricky undertaking in any circumstance. Where the input of information is substantial, you tend to chop off too many bothersome details that appear to stand in your way, often ending up with an abstract torso of vacuous generalities. Where there is a dearth of hard facts, you are tempted to avail yourself of convenient hearsay or a thrice-chewed speculation that becomes no more reliable by being quoted in venerable journals. The resulting conceptual edifice may then look solid from afar, but on closer inspection it is only as water-tight as its most porous building stone. Decision making in the Soviet Politburo is an example of the latter situation: We simply do not know enough, and rumors are legion.

Valenta has on the whole avoided the attendant pitfalls. The "paradigm" he applies (not new, one should hasten to say, but still elaborated here with unprecedented consistency) provides an adequately plausible framework. According to Valenta, critical decisions of the Soviet leadership are reached through a process of consensus building in the Politburo and the Central Committee bureaucracies. In debating alternatives, the members of these upper political strata come together in groups, some of them ad hoc, some with a more permanent character. They evaluate the importance of the perceived payoffs, of the coalition setups that may be created, and of the possible bargains they will have to strike on the road to consensual decision. It is a fluid process before the decision is reached, and the players shift their stands. Brezhnev's importance as a stable and durable general secretary lies in his ability to avoid finding himself on the side of those whose attitudes will not eventually determine the critical decision. He is the consensus builder, not a partisan of one or another faction.

IN THE COURSE OF THE conflict that developed between the Czechoslovak reformers and the Soviet leadership there was a fairly long period of contest among various Soviet bureaucracies with differing perceptions of the Prague Spring. Essentially, and somewhat simply put, while virtually all groups that comprised and upheld the Moscow leadership agreed that the

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Czechoslovak challenge presented a danger and should be reduced in scope and depth, what gradually crystallized was a coalition of the advocates of military intervention on the one hand and a coalition of skeptics on the other.

The former, in Jiří Valenta's reading of the situation, consisted of representatives of the party bureaucracies in the western parts of the Soviet Union who felt exposed to contagious reformism, most party officials in charge of administration and ideology, leaders of large cities in Russia proper, inveterate opponents of the Soviet economic reform (then still in the balance), and some segments of the military and KGB bureaucracies. These elements found ready and vehement support in the party leaderships in East Germany, Poland, and, belatedly, Bulgaria.

The countercoalition of skeptics was particularly concerned lest the political cost of intervention become too high, especially in foreign political terms. This group included party officers in charge of international relations, such as Suslov, Ponomarev, and Zagladin, but also Prime Minister Kosygin, who was said to be a supporter of the Soviet economic reform; certain government bureaucracies, including some subdivisions in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; and perhaps some segments of the armed forces, notably the Strategic Rocket Force, where Czechoslovak reformism was not seen as endangering the strategic position of the Soviet Union. Associates of the skeptics from outside the Soviet Union could be found in Yugoslavia, Romania, Hungary, and several Communist parties in Western Europe.

Brezhnev vacillated during the several stages of the crisis. He supported Dubček at first, but took a hard line in March and April of 1968, appeared to be ready for a compromise in June, and eventually joined the interventionists in early to mid-August. Valenta does not see the Čierna and Bratislava talks of late July and early August as just a charade designed to lull the Czechoslovaks—and the world—into false security. Quite the contrary: This was the last instance in which the noninterventionists had the upper hand, and they used the opportunity to devise a nonmilitary solution. Then, with the help of slanted information, the interventionists were able to win converts in several powerful bureaucracies and to send signals to Brezhnev threatening to undermine his position in the Politburo. With his acute sense of which way the political game was going, he threw his weight behind the hard line, swaying others in the process. The consensus was reached, the button was pushed, and the assembled armies started rolling.

One lesson of the Czechoslovak crisis, according to Valenta, is that the Soviet leadership—any Soviet leadership—is by the nature of things determined not to permit its client states to adopt a reformist, pluralistic system of government. But another is that Soviet responses to such developments are neither automatic nor foreclosed. Before staking too much on lessons expressed even in the best of all paradigms, however, politicians must take account of changes that have occurred since 1968. At that time Brezhnev's Politburo was a bunch of relatively vigorous youngsters, boasting an average age of fifty-nine as against the present seventy. The Soviet Union looked with reasonable confidence into its own economic future, with growth rates showing a sustained performance. It was a pre–oil crisis time. The first words about détente had been spoken, and the West was eager to try out the new game that seemed to hold so much promise. China was in the throes of a cultural revolution. Eurocommunism had not been born, and dissidents were few, far between, and well-behaved. The lure of successful escapades into Angola, Mozambique, and Ethiopia was nonexistent. All this and much more has changed. Do the methodological tools of a bureaucratic-politics model still apply? The answer is probably affirmative, except that the inputs in terms of the specific weights of the various political actors and political considerations have changed. Heraclitus was right: You cannot step twice into the same river, for the water into which you first stepped has flowed on. ❑

Brezhnev's position in the Politburo was threatened by the interventionist coalition.

***THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE IDEA OF RACE*, by Thomas Dyer. Louisiana State University Press, 208 pp., $14.95.**

Progressive eugenics

WALTER LAFEBER

SCHOLARS AGREE THAT Theodore Roosevelt remains one of our half-dozen greatest presidents. Political scientists laud him as the first modern Chief Executive, particularly since he taught his successors how to use the White House as a "bully pulpit" from which they could educate and lift the spirits of their less enlightened countrymen. Foreign-policy analysts have long eulogized TR as the first post–Civil War President who understood the role of power in diplomacy. History buffs, and especially historians plagued with writer's block, look with awe upon the books and articles he turned out on the nation's past while he was also assiduously pulling himself onward and upward within the Republican party. The company on Mt. Rushmore is exalted, but Roosevelt seems to belong there.

In 1967 sociologist Pierre L. van den Berghe found another niche for TR: "Western racism had its poets like Kipling . . . [and] its statesmen like Hitler, Theodore Roosevelt and Verwoerd." That is select company also, although not exactly what most Roosevelt biographers had in mind when they praised their subject for being—as a recent biographer put it—a portrait of America itself.

Thomas Dyer's analysis of Roosevelt's racism should make it impossible for future historians or aspiring secretaries of state to deal with the Rough Rider without coming to grips with his attitudes toward Indians ("I don't go so far as to think that the only good Indians are dead Indians, but I believe nine out of every ten are, and I shouldn't like to inquire too closely into the case of the tenth"), blacks ("I attribute the trouble" about black soldiers not doing their

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duty on Cuban battlefields in 1898 "to the superstition and fear of the darkey, natural in those but one generation removed from slavery and but a few generations removed from the wildest savagery"), Irish (the "average catholic [*sic*] Irishman of the first generation as represented in this [New York] Assembly" is "a low, venal, corrupt and unintelligent brute"), and Latins, Jews, Mexicans, Chinese, and Frenchmen—among others.

Biographers have noted TR's racism, but no one has examined it with the needed detail and nuance until now. Dyer rightly believes that Roosevelt's racial views are a key to understanding this son of both Manhattan—where he deeply feared the exploding birth rate of immigrant classes—and the Black Hills, where he at once both decried and emulated the "savagery" of the Native Americans. At Harvard and Columbia he learned to think in racial categories. TR idolized Francis Parkman's histories and shared the Bostonian's faith that the uncivilized Indian was predestined to be conquered by a superior white race. Roosevelt's histories, in Dyer's words, were "palpably white supremacist."

Dyer nevertheless adds that Roosevelt did fulsomely praise the fighting qualities of Native Americans and the intelligence of Jews (which leads one to wonder whether he also thought blacks had rhythm). He publicly objected to lynchings at a time they were popular outdoor sport in parts of the United States, and as President he appointed blacks and Jews to political posts, although appointments of blacks tended to be in such places as South Carolina where Republicans did not receive overwhelming numbers of votes in any event.

This book is important. It ranks with John Blum's *Republican Roosevelt* in its insight, originality, and ability to go beyond the usual platitudes to reach the essence of what motivated Roosevelt in particular and American imperialism and Progressivism in general. But it is also a frustrating work. Dyer repeatedly starts to open areas that could significantly enlarge our understanding of the roots of the 1980s, and then backs off. The book is too short, the net too skimpy. An understanding of the Rooseveltian age is sacrificed for the sake of a mere understanding of Roosevelt. Two examples of this problem stand out: Dyer's analyses of how TR used both the powers of government and American foreign policy to carry out his racism.

DYER ARGUES THAT TR'S racial views came more from Lamarckism, which stressed the importance of slow environmental reform in improving the race, than from a social Darwinism that often emphasized laissez-faire. That is a brilliant insight. It allows us to see how Roosevelt could justify using governmental powers to carry out reforms in such a way, and at such a slow pace, that his own class safely remained in power. This is a key to understanding Progressivism, a key that Dyer unfortunately never turns. Roosevelt's fear that his own "Anglo-Saxon" class was committing "race suicide" because it was not producing as many children as Irish or Eastern European immigrants is detailed. Not detailed are Roosevelt's attempts to use government in order to limit and regulate competition (over the objections of many social Darwinists), precisely because open competition might force him, by his own logic, to conclude that Italians, with their high birthrate, or Jews, with their intelligence, would ultimately push his own class from power.

Roosevelt possessed a class consciousness that historians, especially those beguiled by "consensus" history, have underplayed. He once even remarked that "An upper-class Cherokee is nowadays as good as a white"—although he did not specify which class of white he had in mind. But his own class was best of all, and consequently government had an obligation to protect it. This could be done through just enough reform to destroy the appeal of Eugene Debs's Socialists; through confrontation with ignorant reactionaries who cried that "God gave me my money"; and through an actual message to Congress in 1906 urging legislation that would discourage divorce and—what TR apparently believed to be the same thing—encourage fecundity.

"For the sake of the State," he solemnly informed a doubtlessly rapt Congress, "desirable" classes must not shirk fruitful copulation since "willful sterility is . . . the one sin for which the penalty is national death, race death; a sin for which there is no atonement." When he discovered a family happily serving the national interest, he shrieked, "Three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Bower and their really satisfactory American family of twelve children." (TR combined a glimpse of William Shockley's sperm bank with the cheerleading enthusiasm of Nelson Rockefeller's remark, "So let's hear it for the Founding Fathers—they did a helluva job!") American Progressivism was obviously more than the referendum and the pure food and drug laws.

The implications for foreign policy were substantial: Dyer implies, but unfortunately never spells out, that a straight line runs from TR reading Edmond Demolin's *Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons* en route to slaughter Spaniards in Cuba, to his believing as President that Americans had a mission to uplift Asians and Latins. One link in that process was the benevolent imperialism that had raised up blacks, Indians, and Mexicans in North America, according to TR. He applied the same policy overseas while President. Of course, as one opponent observed, while fighting Roosevelt's intention to "civilize" Santo Domingo and the Philippines, we did not really raise up the other races we encountered: "We exterminated them." That too was all right with TR: "Unless we keep the barbarian virtues" of war, he fervently believed, "gaining the civilized ones will be of little avail."

With subtlety and understatement Dyer has pushed beyond simple social Darwinist explanations of Roosevelt's imperialism at home and abroad. The book is more suggestive than exhaustive, and the larger meaning of TR's racism for Progressivism and U.S foreign policy remains to be detailed. But this book is (as Roosevelt himself might have said) the fertile seed for future work on the Rough Rider. After this no one can be excused from acknowledging that if Roosevelt is a model for presidential power and a "realist" foreign policy, the power and "realism" were placed at the service—indeed, were largely driven by—an abhorrent racism. After this book, Cold Warriors and seekers after Imperial Presidencies should at least look elsewhere—say, to Woodrow Wilson—for their exemplary historical figures.

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FILM

All dressed up with no place to go

STEPHEN HARVEY

AT THE MOMENT, NEARLY everyone seems to be satisfied with the current state of American movies—except, of course, those eternal malcontents, the critics. In Italy, film industryites bemoan the latest in a perpetual series of artistic and fiscal crises afflicting their national cinema, this one being widely perceived as the worst since the end of the war. Meanwhile, across the border in France, cinéphiles gloomily ponder the fact that the New Wave is now twenty years old, and has yet to be succeeded by even a ripple of comparable talent. No such doubts pester Hollywood, however, and it's little wonder. A relatively new generation of gifted film makers is highly visible, and in the present climate, after one or two high scores at the box office, these young Turks are getting virtually carte blanche. A glance at the financial tallies in *Variety* shows that audiences are apparently pleased with what they've been offered lately—and what makes the public happy brings cheer to the moguls as well, even before they start toting up all those proliferating rights from network TV sales, cable, video cassettes, and the rest of the lucrative package.

Certainly you don't have to look back very far to find a movie era that makes the present seem like Utopia. How about that dismal period in the early to mid-seventies when practically the only things projected on our movie screens were smirky boy-meets-boy buddy movies; sanguinary, self-righteous cop flicks; and Sensurround-laden cataclysms both natural and manmade—or, final horror, lethal combinations of all the above? The last few years have undeniably brought a much wider assortment, and 1979 produced a palatable sampling of worthwhile movies. So what explains the glazed stares one sees on the faces of one's fellow film reviewers as we shuffle from one screening to another, or the desultory chatter passing for debate at the annual Critics' Circle meetings?

I think the problem is that although there's no lack of pleasant, well-crafted movies around (on the order of *The China Syndrome*, *Breaking Away*, and *Kramer vs. Kramer*), they're hardly the sort that inspire really passionate feelings. Most people who care deeply about movies first came to do so out of a sense that film had an immediacy and ferment that no other art form could match—and on numerous occasions that's been true, both here and abroad. Post–World War II Italy, for example, and the late sixties in the United States, were eras that brought out the best in both critics and audiences, because one had the exhilarating feeling of witnessing movie boundaries being expanded and real chances being taken.

It's hard to recall the last film that managed to engender any authentic aura of fierce partisanship one way or the other. Certainly the achievement of the much-touted new German cinema is a moot point by now—the films of Fassbinder, Herzog, et. al. tend to be so oblique emotionally that the rather arid panegyrics they've inspired among their admirers are offset by little more than indifference on the part of the skeptical. Nor does what's been transpiring lately at home produce much electricity in the atmosphere; the controversies sparked by the likes of *Apocalypse Now* and, on a far baser level, *Cruising*, had a lot less to do with the finished products than the belligerent reports-from-the-front issued during production.

Although most directors and Hollywood organization men and women would probably deny it emphatically, from an outsider's perspective this seems to be a time of cozy consolidation for the movies, its illusion of innovation so crowned with laurels and profits that it can hardly be distinguished from the genuine article. There's something ominous about any era when most of the excitement over the future of the movies seems to focus on the technological hardware involved, rather than whatever it's going to be used to express. (Remember the hubbub in the mid-fifties over Cinemascope, Cinerama, and stereophonic sound?)

Lately we've been greeted with a host of movies whose gleaming visual and aural surfaces offer the kind of sensual pleasure we were starved for in the rack-focus, zoom-lens, post–*Easy Rider* days a

decade ago, when any kind of technical gloss was scorned as archaic bourgeois artifice. Yet it's doubly frustrating to watch so many genuinely gifted younger directors lavishing all that cinematic legerdemain on material so piffling it shouldn't have survived a preliminary story conference—as if the movies were nothing more than a glorified *son et lumière* display. The pointless sadism of a movie like Ridley Scott's *Alien* was actually more contemptible because it was limned by such a skillful hand, and exposure to the untrammeled puerility of Steven Spielberg's *1941* should settle any arguments on the supremacy of form over content in a trice.

ALREADY, 1980 HAS OFFERED even more of the same; John Carpenter's *The Fog* contains enough beautiful image-making to furnish three films made on ten times the money, yet its premise is so silly and transparent that it can barely sustain the movie's first half-hour. And *American Gigolo* is the perfect time-capsule movie, a sleek artifact of up-to-the-second chic. Its commercial success indicates that audiences were so ravished by the trappings provided by Blondie and Giorgios Moroder and Armani that it didn't matter how solemnly fatuous the film they gilded turned out to be. Paramount's accountants, of course, have every reason to be delighted, but I wonder if Paul Schrader realizes or cares that the price of his increased proficiency as a director seems

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to have been the crude urgency that made his earlier projects so distinctive.

Not that there aren't film makers around with an evident vision to impart—it's just that their insights lately tend to be somewhat indigestible. In the old days, directors didn't know they were auteurs until they were informed of the fact—usually as they were approaching their dotage. Nowadays directors like Coppola and Fosse can hardly be blamed for confusing solipsism with genius when so many civilians line up eagerly to be clobbered with all that Complex Artistry. On the sociological front, it seems that there's only one contemporary phenomenon that interests a large body of moviemakers right now, and I don't (quite) mean disco. Is it mere coincidence that suddenly the homosexual has become the *Jew Süss* of Hollywood, or has familiarity with the gay movement led to fear and loathing on the sound stages as well as the streets (just as the rise of feminism seems unwittingly to have temporarily banished the female half of the species from our movie screens during the early seventies)? Whatever the motive, the message at least four current movies impart is luridly clear—gays are mean (*American Gigolo, Nijinsky*), crazy (*Windows*), or both (*Cruising*); the denouements of all of these cater to what must be a rather pervasive wish-fulfillment fantasy; namely, that homosexuals inevitably end up either dead before their time, or else in straitjackets.

Two and a half years ago, when I started covering film for *INQUIRY*, the movies seemed irremediably mired in a retrospective mood; practically every significant or popular movie, from *Close Encounters* to *The Goodbye Girl*, for all their evident contemporary accoutrements, appeared intent on harkening back to some halcyon film era long gone by. At present this Hollywood-as-recycling-center phase seems to have waned, but it's hard to figure out what if anything has succeeded it.

No director lives in a social vacuum (occasional evidence to the contrary notwithstanding); nor is unfettered self-expression the sole force that motivates the making of movies. Films have to reflect and amplify some aspect of the contemporary *Zeitgeist* if they're going to succeed in inducing all those potential diversion-seekers out there to buy tickets. If, for all their abundant craft and energy, the current spate of films is wanting in focus and impact, in the end this may be nó less than we really want, and no more than we deserve. ❑

AMERICAN SCENE

On sex and sexism

JOHN GORDON

WHEN WOMEN AGAINST Pornography sent a pair of representatives to Hamilton College, they had an audience that would have applauded them if they had played tunes on spoons. Hamilton had recently gone coed, and as one of the many conciliatory gestures to its new female constituency had instituted an annual binge of funded dumbness called "Women's Energy Weekend." This is an array of panels, consciousness-raisings, and outside speakers demanding to know why the English Department offers no courses on Margaret Fuller, why the History Department spends so much time on the history of men, and the by-now familiar blah-blah-blah. At last year's Women's Energy Weekend, for instance, my fellow professor of English John O'Neill was typed as a fascist by a prominent feminist writer and founding mother of Women Against Pornography for arguing that women are not necessarily more sensitive readers of literature than men.

I always try to lie low during Women's Energy Weekend, precisely because it is the sort of occasion on which one is liable to hear perfectly nice people called names by speakers who are not thereupon rebuked; who are, rather, applauded by large numbers; who are in fact paid for their slanders and fatuities with money indirectly filched from my paycheck. Who needs more grief? But John O'Neill himself is tougher, and this year he wanted to go see the kickoff event of the weekend, a slide show and discussion presented by Women Against Pornography, "to hear what they had to say." And he convinced me, against my better judgment, to come along. Whence this report.

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The two young women who give the show are altogether appealing, mainly because of the obvious depth of their sense of hurt and subdued outrage. They are convinced that they and their sisters are victims and that pornography is a way of legitimizing their victimization. Their presentation comprises slides of material purchased mainly in Times Square, alternating with pictures taken from billboards, album covers, and popularly available magazines. The slides are arranged according to two principles. First, escalation: they keep getting worse, and the last one is just horrible. Second, juxtaposition: a hard-core picture is followed by a magazine ad that is in some way similar, the idea being to make us see that one is a carriage-trade version, or at best subtle evocation, of the other.

The hard-core pictures are almost all of the subgenre called "bondage and discipline." Tied-up women are shown being beaten or with clothespins attached to their nipples, or in tableaus of murder and mutilation. The final slide, introduced as from a "snuff" movie, shows a woman struggling to free herself while some instrument is applied to her breasts; there is blood everywhere, and the speaker assures us that it's not fake, that this woman is really being killed. A few of the slides feature children.

A sound I can describe only as a wail filled the room, ending in one collective gasp at the final shocking slide.

It is no fun, now, recalling these pictures, and the original experience is worse. The audience is outraged. At least one woman cries throughout. As the speakers work up to the climax by showing slides from a magazine devoted to the sexual humiliation of Oriental females while reading an account of a

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Vietnamese girl being raped with a rifle barrel and then murdered, a sound that I can describe only as a wail grows, to culminate in one collective gasp at the final shocker.

You cannot possibly see these images without wishing them out of existence and the people responsible along with them; without in fact feeling for a spell like the New York taxi driver in Martin Scorsese's film who drives through Times Square dreaming of blowing the place up. If the import of these pictures when shown in a movie theater is violence to women, their import when shown in a lecture hall is violence to pornographers: Jail is too good for them.

The equation is that lust equals dehumanization equals brutalization equals Nazis.

BUT NOTHING CLOSE TO that is actually said during the presentation. The speakers, like some though not all of the other members of Women Against Pornography, favor boycotts instead of censorship, and in general a heightened awareness of what the presence of pornography shows about the culture that produces it. All very reasonable, except that what the pictures are saying is, Lock them up or string them up. The emotions the slides generate are not likely to be appeased by refusing to buy magazines that one would never have bought in the first place. Accompanied as they are with accounts of actual rapes and mutilations of women in this country and around the world, intercut with provocative pictures from *Vogue,* the *New York Times,* and so forth, the pictures are saying that pornography is the propaganda of a universal campaign against women analogous to that of the Nazis against the Jews, carried on by men whose fellow travelers and dupes are all around us.

I am not making this up: We are shown some rather nice pictures of naked bodies in *Playboy* followed by some stomach-twisting pictures from *Hustler* and reminded that Auschwitz was full of naked bodies; we are shown, in between hard-core images of mutilation, an ad for Gloria Vanderbilt designer jeans where the model's body is "cut off" at the knees by the photograph's frame and "cut in half" by the seam down the backside, thus reducing her to a piece of meat. The equation is that lust equals dehumanization equals brutalization equals Nazis. There is no talk, even, of gradations: One is the other, in more or less obvious form. For these angry women it is the familiar story of the fatal glass of beer: naughty postcards one minute, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* the next. It was one of J. Edgar Hoover's favorite parables—the young innocent inflamed by smut to do something dastardly. Now the late director's ghost rises: The recent FBI raid on Times Square pornographers was reportedly attributable in part to the influence of Women Against Pornography and similar groups. The old outfit has had its feminist consciousness raised, right up to the level of about thirty years ago.

Any argument designed to show that everything you see is a version of everything else obviously has no patience with distinctions. An offensive picture from *Vogue* is accounted for by the fact that the editor in chief is a man; no matter that the readership is overwhelmingly female. When someone objects that ritual mutilation of females has long existed in cultures where pornography is virtually nonexistent, the answer is that the connection between the two is broader than cause and effect—they "go together."

When it comes to logic, finding holes in the case would be like shooting fish in a barrel, were it not that logic is of course overwhelmed by the pictures' call of blood for blood; logic is, in truth, the enemy. When much-tried John O'Neill points out a flagrant contradiction, the answer is, "We respect your opinion," and the audience bursts into applause, as if they'd witnessed Disraeli adding the finishing flourish to some masterly parliamentary riposte. Afterwards, John O'Neill concludes that he was wasting his time by reasoning: "It was stupid trying to make sense out of it. What I wish I had said is, 'When you compared the torture and murder of that Vietnamese girl to some model posing for money, you were trivializing her death, and that is as disgusting as anything you've shown us.'" I too wish he had said that, except that in doing so he would just have made himself one more instance of brutal macho male blah-blah-blah. I wish also that he or somebody had been able to take five minutes to make some distinctions.

HE COULD HAVE BEGUN by pointing out that the acts of child abuse, torture, and murder are already against the law; also so far no genuine "snuff" film has ever been discovered, and if the speaker knows of one she has a legal obligation to report it. He would go on to say that the slides that make up virtually all of this hard-core sample are directed to a small special interest group among pornography consumers, that most pornography consists of repetitive shots of manifestly bored copulators and is intended to gratify an audience not of knife-wielding savages but of poor horny sods. These men have been cut off from a vital part of human life because for reasons of self-interest women long ago schooled themselves to punish with sexual rejection the poor, the powerless, and the unchic. He would point out that it is a very selective charity which calls the women caught up in this system victims but the men creeps, slime, and scum.

He would add that sadistic pornography is just one branch of media violence, that the victims of this violence are usually male, that both today and in the public executions and dismemberments of the past their agony has been displayed for the delectation of both men and women. To the speaker's assertion that one never sees pictures of brutalized men he would answer, Oh balderdash—read the news, turn on a television set, go into a church and look at the image above the altar. He would suggest that the people who enjoy these pictures have

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probably been damaged at some fundamental level, and that trying to deal with them by confiscating magazines is like trying to cure cancer with zoning laws. He might add that these people may well be attracted to representations of violence as children are attracted to horror movies, not as a vision of what they desire but as an exorcism of what they fear; that they may have deeper causes for such fears because as men they have been more brutalized by grossly sexist institutions, such as the all-male draft, which most women have until recently supported.

He would ask why the slide show juxtaposes women in chains with shots from *Playboy* instead of, for instance, a marriage service, in which people "tie the knot" by entering into "wedlock" with the exchange of "bands." He would then sarcastically inquire whether the speaker knew the meaning of the word "metaphor." He would inform the audience that given time and a few slides, he would demonstrate to their entire satisfaction that religion goes with mass murder and suicide (slide of Communion chalice; cut to slide of Jonestown tub of cyanide, bodies in background), that either abortionists (slide of mangled fetus) or antiabortionists (slide of woman bleeding on backroom kitchen table) are butchers. He would add that almost all of this century's hundred million or so atrocities have been performed not by freelancers but by people in uniform fired with the kind of righteous zeal that Women Against Pornography is seeking to kindle.

He would wonder aloud why people concerned about the possible confusion in some minds between fantasy and life should particularly protest the most abstracted and ritualized forms of fantasy, forms about as far removed from reality as the Noh drama. He would point out that their attack is wildly discriminatory, since it condemns any image of the female body suspected of arousing men to anything other than admiration but gives free play to homosexual and women-directed material.

As I said, shooting fish in a barrel. All these distinctions need to be made because of one fundamental confusion that threatens to turn what should be the major liberating movement of our age into a gaggle of prigs. It is that sex is sexism. These women evidently actually believe that for men anyway the desire to possess is the desire to oppress or worse, that a man who wants to see a woman naked in reality wants to see her as "meat," trussed and packaged. No wonder they can make no distinction between the Disneylandish *Playboy* and the reptilian *Hustler*.

Now this is the way it is, and remember you read it here first. Men who want to see naked women, as a rule, want to see naked women. They are motivated not by blood-lust, but just by plain old lust. And lust is great, absolutely top-notch. With love or without it, with friends or with strangers, there are few things in life so nice as a couple of people getting together and making sex objects of each other. Despite all of WAP's formidable anaphrodisia conditioning, I for instance will continue to like seeing attractive women, not because of some vast international macho conspiracy that years ago brainwashed me into a morbid fascination with the sexually distinguishing features of the female body, but because I just like looking at said attractive women and perchance contemplating said distinguishing features. Any woman who considers this some sort of symbolic exploitation is invited to sort of symbolically exploit me right back.

Few things in life are so nice as a couple of people making sex objects of each other.

WELL, THERE IT IS. But what sort of intellectual climate is it where these things need saying? A climate created by people whose standard of scholarly achievement is represented by *Sexual Politics* and *Against Our Will,* whose latest manifesto is a best-selling novel the thesis of which, and I am not exaggerating, is that all men deep down are Nazi rapists. In the case of WAP, it is primarily the innocent outrage of people realizing for the first time that any human passion can become monstrous—discovering man and woman's inhumanity to man and woman, in short, and breathlessly sharing the news. The result has been a campaign that would be merely silly were it not able to draw strength from the traditional, ingrained female attitudes personified in Mrs. Grundy and Carrie Nation, which feminists have supposedly shed. And it's getting worse, as the emergence of WAP shows: The prospect for the future seems to be for a generation of savants trying, with panel discussions and government grants, to reason the libido into something more decorous. Swift! Thou shouldst be living at this hour!

To anyone who likes to hope, with the feminists, that people are free to escape their societally imposed roles, it is terribly depressing to see women protesting female stereotyping and in the process revealing themselves as hysterical, nagging, scatterbrained old shrews. It is as if Martin Luther King Jr. on that day at the reflecting pool in Washington had intoned, "Ah has a dream"; all the wrong people are poised to say they told you so. But depressing or not, men cannot long be expected to participate in a dialogue on the question of whether they are unredeemable degenerates or just redeemable degenerates. If the WAP strain of feminism prevails and establishes that the big enemy is not discrimination or oppression so much as lust, then feminists are going to lose their struggle to make us all more free, sure as anything. That would be a pity.

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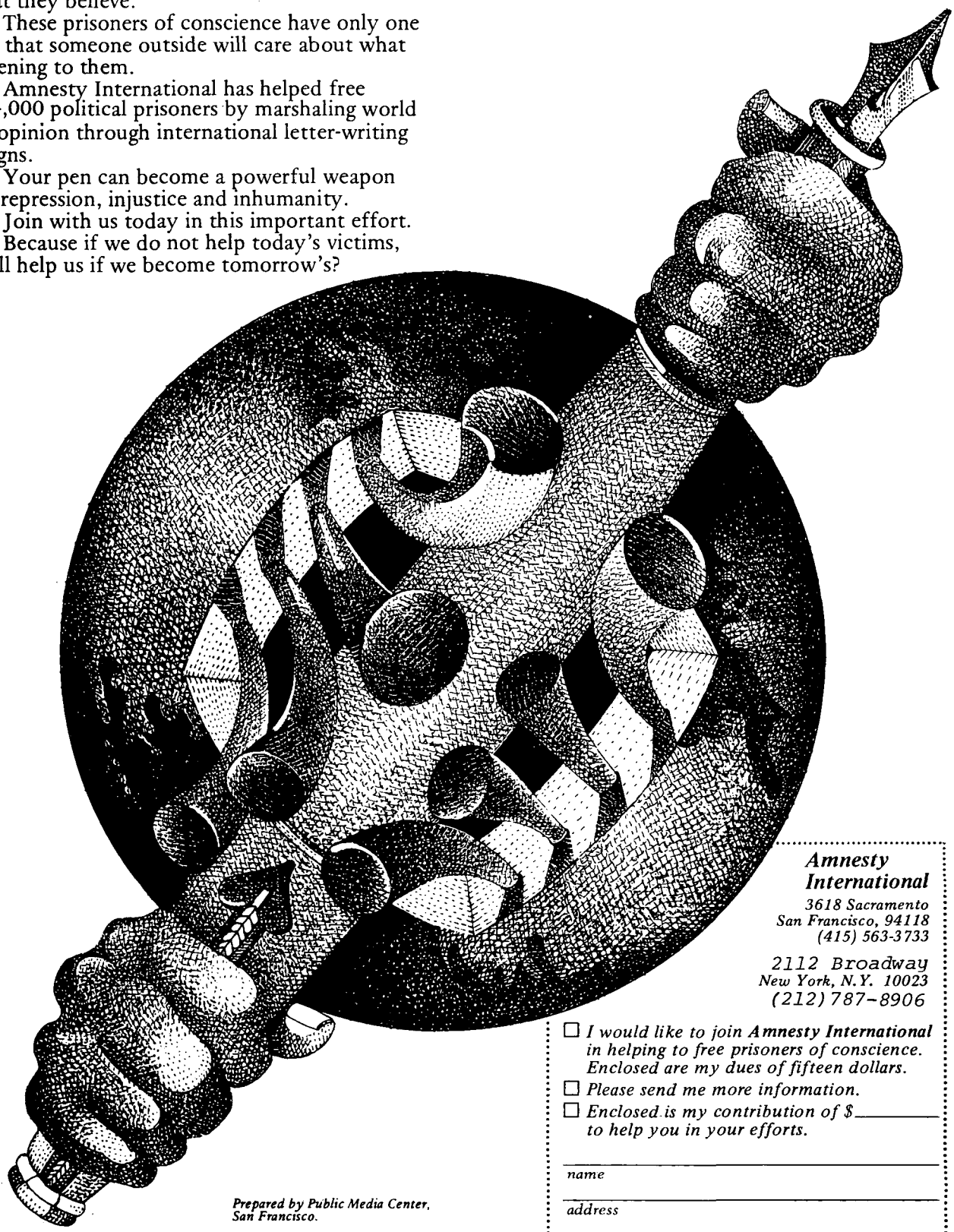

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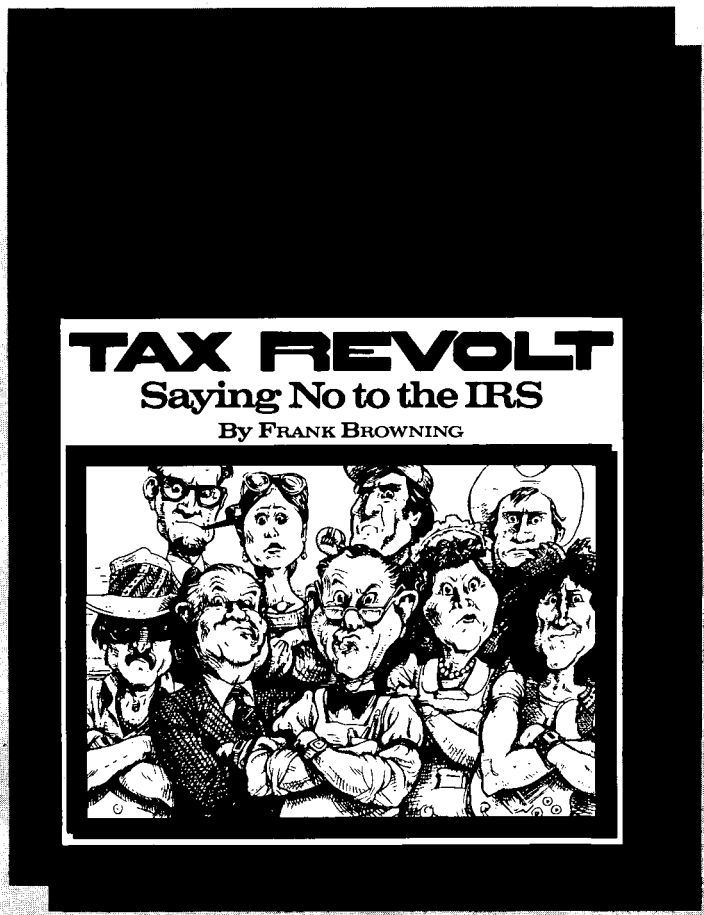

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